The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October *in the* November *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Dr. Alexander Bain, of Aberdeen, has written his autobiography up to date, and the work, which is of considerable length, has been printed at the University Press.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Methuen and Company we are enabled this month to give some exclusive particulars of the magnificent Life of Sir J. E Millais which they are to publish towards the end of September. The book will be in two volumes, and will contain no less than 300 illustrations. The price will be 32s. net. The Life is edited by Sir J. E. Millais's son, Mr. John G. Millais, and contains the full history of Millais's extraordinary boyhood, of his early struggles, of the founding of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, for the first time given in authentic detail, of the painting of most of his famous pictures, of his friendship with many of the most distinguished men of the day in art, letters, and politics.

There will be a large number of letters to Lady Millais describing the circumstances under which his most famous pictures were painted; and letters will also be printed from the Queen, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Watts, Lord Rosebery, etc. Not the least interesting of the letters will be some illustrated notes from Landseer, Leech, and Du Maurier. There will also be chapters of reminiscences by Sir George Reid, Sir William Richmond, Sir Noel Paton, and Mr. Val Prinsep.

The illustrations will form undoubtedly the most remarkable feature of a remarkable book. We believe that of the 300 pictures more than 200 have never been reproduced before, as for this volume the private owners of many of the most famous pictures have generously given their consent to their reproduction. There will be nine photogravures in the ordinary edition, and a special edition, at the price of four guineas net, limited to 200 copies will contain twenty-two photogravures with a duplicate set of the same.

Everything points to a very busy—and a very late—autumn publishing season. Messrs. Methuen and Company and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin share the honour of first announcement of their autumn lists, but preparations for the majority of new books are in a decidedly backward condition. There will certainly be a greater rush than ever between the end of October and Christmas.

Messrs. Cassell's new religious weekly will see the light in a few weeks. The secret of the title has been well kept, but we believe that finally chosen is *Sunday Chimes.*

Mr. Marion Crawford has written a play to which he has given the title, "In Old Madrid." It will probably be seen first in America.

Mr. H. G. Wells will issue a volume of short stories, written in his characteristic vein, in the late autumn. Some of them, translated by Monsieur Davray, have been appearing in *Le Journal.*

Mrs. A. S. Boyd has written and Mr. A. S. Boyd has illustrated an account of their recent trip round the world. In book form it will be published by Messrs. Blackwood, but certain of the chapters will appear first in the columns of the *Graphic.*

Mr. Alexander Stuart, author of that very clever collection of sketches just published under the title "Mr. Miggs," is a young Scotsman, who came to London from his native Glasgow some six years ago. Almost immediately he began to do "middles" and reviews for the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and much of his best work has appeared in the columns of that paper. At the recent naval manœuvres he was on board the *Juno* as the special correspondent for the *Pall Mall.* He also wrote much for the *National Observer,* principally, if not exclusively, in the days when it was edited by Mr. J. E. Vincent. When the *Realm* was started he became Mr. W. Earl Hodgson's assistant, and later, under the same chief, he was one of the sub-editors of the *Daily Courier.* Mr. Miggs, the philosophic shoemaker, whom he has made so well known to readers of the *Pall Mall,* was and is a living character, and the earliest papers in which he made his appearance before the public were little more than cleverly selected accounts of real conversations in which he announced his opinions as to matters of public interest. For two or three years past Mr. Stuart has been connected with the leader writing staff of the *Morning Post.* He has almost completed the revision of a novel of modern life which he has had on hand for a long while.

The Rochester Edition of the novels of Charles Dickens, which Messrs. Methuen have in active preparation, will differ considerably both in price and in form from any other edition on the market. The volumes will be in crown octavo, and will contain introductions by Mr. George Gissing and a number of illustrations of Dickens's homes and the old houses, inns, and buildings which he describes, and which have now in many instances disappeared. There will also be a series of topographical and general notes by the well-known Dickens authority, Mr. F. G. Kitton. The Rochester edition will be issued in cloth, price 3s. a volume less discount; in leather, price 4s. net.

Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, will publish in

October a very interesting record of big game hunting and "sundowning" in the seventies by Mr. George Lacy, who writes under the pseudonym of "The Old Pioneer." The book, which will be entitled "Pictures of Sport, Travel and Adventure," will be illustrated by a series of remarkable photographs.

Messrs. Pearson's Fiction List contains announcements of the continuation of "The Adventures of Captain Kettle," by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne; Mr. Max Pemberton's collection of stories, "Signors of the Night"; and a new volume by Headon Hill, entitled "The Shadow of the Bear."

Mr. John Foster Fraser, the new editor of the *Temple Magazine*, is engaged on a new novel of incident which will be published early next year.

We greatly regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. Grant Allen. As we go to press we learn that Mr. Grant Allen's health has slightly improved, but it is unlikely he will be able to do any literary work for some time.

A number of dramatisations of well-known English novels will be produced this season in New York. Mr. Zangwill is busy rehearsing his Ghetto play in New York, Mrs. Voynich has a dramatisation of her very clever novel, "The Gadfly," almost ready for presentation, and Mr. Egerton Castle is busy on a dramatic version of his Zenda romance, "The Pride of Jennico," which will be produced in America in th autumn.

"David Harum," after hanging fire for some time in this country, has at last caught on. Two large editi ons have been exhaust'ed, and the sale shows signs of increasing.

During the trial of Dreyfus at Rennes reference has been made more than once to the rumours of attempts at rescue which constantly troubled his gaolers. It seems to have been taken for granted that these attempts were merely imaginative, but we announced some months ago—and still have every reason to believe that the facts are as we stated them—that a well-known American journalist at present residing in this country received a definite offer from the proprietor of one of the most sensational of the Yellow Press of America to proceed at once to Devil's Island and do his utmost to rescue the prisoner. He was to receive a definite sum for expenses, and a very large bonus if he succeeded.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson, whose sensational stories in the style of Wilkie Collins have met with considerable success, is at present away on a three months' holiday at Salzburg. Mrs. Williamson has undertaken to write a new story for Messrs. Methuen and Company's new sixpenny series, "The Novelist." We hear that for serial purposes Mrs. Williamson's work is increasingly in demand.

Mr. G. W. Appleton, author of "The Co-Respondent," has written a new novel entitled "A Fair Sinner."

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Company will publish shortly "Agatha Webb," the new detective story by Anna Katherina Green, which is now running in the *Daily News Weekly*. The real name of the author is Mrs. Charles Rohlfs, and she resides at Buffalo, U.S.A. Mrs. Rohlfs is, of course, best known to the English public as the author of "The Leavenworth Case."

Mr. Lionel Decle has scored a distinct success with his new book, "Trooper 3809," as within a week of publication the first edition was exhausted. The book is a description of army life some twenty years ago, and as there is much discussion as to the change of system since that time we shall publish in our next issue a review of the book from the pen of a young Frenchman who has just completed his service. Mr. Decle is a great traveller, and is already well known to English readers as the author of "Three Years in Savage Africa." Before he had finished passing the proofs of his new book he started on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph* for a journey through Africa along the route of the proposed Cape to Cairo Railway.

MR. LIONEL DECLE.

Mr. Decle was for some years on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. H. C. Cust. He was special correspondent for that paper in Russia at the time of the death of the late Czar. Mr. Decle resigned with Mr. Cust, and accompanied him on his journey through South and East Africa. Last year he was for some months in America, and did some sensational work as special correspondent for the *New York Journal* during the Spanish-American war.

Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, "Richard Carvel," has failed to create a sensation in this country, but its success in the United States has been immediate and striking. Mr. Winston Churchill, who must not be confounded with the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, was educated at a naval college of Annapolis. He was for a time sub-editor on the *Cosmopolitan*, but soon abandoned the drudgery of journalistic work for novel writing. His first book, "The Celebrity," was well received, and he has now an established reputation in the United States.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mr. T. Baron Russell, the author of those clever books,

"A Guardian of the Poor" and "The Mandate," has ready for publication a new book of quite a different character, to which he has given the title "The House of the Giants."

The announcement that the *Suffolk Chronicle*, the oldest Liberal paper in East Anglia, has ceased to appear as an independent journal and become merged in the *Suffolk Times and Mercury*, will be of great interest to all readers of Dickens. It was the *Suffolk Chronicle* which brought Dickens to Ipswich in 1835 for the purpose of reporting a county election. Dickens stayed at the "Great White Horse" at Ipswich, and the experience which he then acquired was used later on in "Pickwick." But for the *Suffolk Chronicle* we should never have had the story of Mr. Pickwick's nocturnal adventures at the "Great White Horse," nor the history of the Eatanswill election; we should never have heard of the *Eatanswill Gazette* and the *Eatanswill Independent*—to say nothing of Mr. Nupkins, Mayor of Ipswich.

Mr. John Murray's letter to the *Times* on Mr. Justice North's recent decision in the case of Walter *v.* Lane is an important addition to the literature of copyright. We trust the decision will be appealed against, for if the matter is left where it now stands there is no limit to the possibilities of disputes and legal actions. The question of newspaper copyright is in a most unsatisfactory condition, and to every one's surprise the revised draft of the Copyright Bill practically ignores the whole matter.

From Photo by] MRS. COMYNS CARR. *[Mendelssohn.*

We give this month portraits of Mrs. Comyns Carr, whose very able novel, "The Arm of the Lord," was reviewed in our last month's issue; also of Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, the father of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and illustrator of many of his stories. The portrait was taken when Mr. Lockwood Kipling was in New York at the time of his son's serious illness.

MR. J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING.
Reproduced by the kind permission of the proprietors of the "American Critic."

Publishers on their holidays have received a very unwelcome piece of news in the statement of affairs of the well-known Australian wholesale bookselling business of Messrs. George Robertson and Company. It has been known for some weeks past that the business was in a critical condition, but there does not seem to have been any idea that the liabilities would have reached the enormous sum of over £100,000. One of the banks of Melbourne has made an offer to the creditors, of whom there are something like 600 in this country, of five shillings in the pound, and we understand this has been accepted. There has been no such loss in the publishing business for very many years past. Several well-known firms are creditors for very heavy amounts, one or two, we believe, for over £1,500, and many for sums approaching four figures. Up to a few years ago the business of Messrs. George Robertson and Company was in a most flourishing condition. It was indeed *the* wholesale business of the Colonies, and there seems reason to believe that bad management has led to the present disastrous state of affairs.

The death roll of the month contains the names of Dr. William Wright, Secretary of the Bible Society, and of Professor A. B. Bruce, of Glasgow. Dr. William Wright will long be remembered among bookmen as one of the most enthusiastic students of Brontë literature. So much has been written in these columns of his charming book, "The Brontës in Ireland," that we need not enlarge here upon its value and interest. Dr. Wright contributed several articles to our columns, which we have reason to know were greatly appreciated by our readers. His sketch of Sir Richard Burton, in the first number, was quoted far and wide.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 24TH TO AUGUST 19TH, 1899.

During the period under notice, a fair trade for the season of the year has been done. Of course the holiday season, coupled with exceptionally fine weather, does not constitute the time of the booksellers' harvest. Out-door attractions are too strong, and literature, pure literature, must bide its time. In the colonial and foreign branches there has been a fairly good and steady business doing during the month.

The 6s. novel has been selling more freely than might have been expected under all circumstances. "A Double Thread" and "No. 5, John Street" are the favourites of the moment.

The 6d. novels are still moving, which is not surprising, considering the value given for the money in many cases, but the rush for this form of publication is practically at an end.

"Elizabeth and her German Garden" and similar works are just now very popular.

Theological literature is in very small demand, and general literature is at the lowest point during the whole year, and in fact there is little else than the 6s. novel that calls for notice.

As an exception the sales of works on Cricket have revived, the subject just now being uppermost in the minds of many persons, players or non-players.

The Temperance Question is still to the fore, the demand for Rowntree's "Temperance Problem" being well sustained.

Large quantities of Guide Books are still being sold, Murray, Baedeker, and Black being still the favourite series.

There is little change in the Magazine world, but the competition between the illustrated serials continues to be very keen. The principal ones are *Pall Mall*, *Harper*, *Harmsworth*, *Strand*, *Windsor*, *Royal*, and *Wide World*. The *Woman at Home* is unrivalled as a lady's magazine.

The appended list of books consists principally of works of fiction, there being little else in demand just now.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
Peter Binney, Undergraduate. By A. Marshall. 6s. (Bowden.)
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Market Place. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
On the Edge of the Empire. By Jepson and Beames. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Dominion of Dreams. By Fiona Macleod. 6s. (Constable.)
Doctor Nikola's Experiment. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Hodder.)
An Old Rogue's Tragedy. By Rita. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
A Semi-Detached Marriage. By A. Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Willow the King. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Ward and Lock.)
"W. G." Cricket Reminiscences. By W. G. Grace. 6s. (Bowden.)
Love Made Manifest. By G. Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Longmans.)
The White King of Manoa. By J. Hatton. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder.)
Seventy-one Not Out. By W. Caffyn. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 29—Business a little brisker owing to the earlier publication of magazines. Foreign and colonial business continues good.
Aug. 5—Trade very flat, quite featureless. In the export branches there is still a steady business.
„ 12—A little busier week than the last. Foreign and colonial orders not quite so heavy.
„ 19—A somewhat better week, but quiet at the finish. In the export departments trade is a little better.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 21ST, 1899.

Except in tourist literature and books suitable for summer holiday reading, it must be said that business was unusually quiet during the few weeks under review. In anticipation of the reopening of schools and colleges some booksellers placed good orders for educational works, but the book trade was mainly done in the tourist districts, railway stations, and the more important seaside resorts.

The sixpenny novel was conspicuously in demand, and in addition to the cheap editions of William Black's and Clark Russell's works, the following went off in large numbers: "Aldersyde," by A. Swan; "The Silence of Dean Maitland," by Maxwell Gray; "The Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren; "The Window in Thrums," by J. M. Barrie; and "The Iron Pirate," by Max Pemberton.

Although the old-fashioned two shilling yellow book may be said to have gone out to a large extent, the following specially suited to railway sale went well: "The Hacienda on the Hill," by R. H. Savage; "Old Mare's Foal," by Nat Gould; and "Barbara, Lady's Maid and Peeress," by Mrs. Alexander. Mrs. Lockie's "Picturesque Edinburgh" continued to be very attractive to tourists visiting the ancient city, and on account of its numerous illustrations, proved a popular souvenir. In the "Famous Scots Series" appeared a second volume by Professor Murison, entitled "King Robert the Bruce," and Harvey's "Scottish Life and Character" continued popular. The best fiction continued to appear in the six-shilling volume, and in such works as "Ione March," by S. R. Crockett; "Giles Ingleby," by W. E. Norris; "In Full Cry," by R. Marsh; and "The Custom of the Country," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in addition to two volumes published at five shillings, namely, "Dr. Nikola's Experiment" and "Love Made Manifest," both by Guy Boothby, the various libraries throughout the country had no difficulty in meeting the tastes of their readers.

Outdoor sports and pastimes had one of the most popular books of the month in "W. G. Grace's Cricketing Reminiscences." Interest in foreign travel was shown principally by the continued sale of Little's "Intimate China," and in a brisk demand for Baedeker and Baddeley's Guides.

Throughout Scotland, especially in ecclesiastical circles, there was great regret at the lamented death of Professor Bruce, and there were desires to renew acquaintance with his able apologetic works published by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of London.

As was to be expected, the sales of magazines bulked largely in the business of the month; several very early passed out of print, and the most popular were the *Strand*, *Windsor*, and *Pearson*.

The following is our list of best selling books :—

W. G. Grace's Cricketing Reminiscences. 6s. (Bowden.)
Dr. Nikola's Experiment. By Guy Boothby. 6s. (Hodder.)
Giles Ingleby. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Methuen.)
Picturesque Edinburgh. By Mrs. Lockie. 3s. 6d. net.
Richard Carvell. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Willow the King. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Ward and Lock.)
A Monk of Cruta. By E. P. Oppenheim. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)
In Full Cry. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (White.)
The Custom of the Country. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The White King of Manoa. By Joseph Hatton. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)
Intimate China. By Mrs. Little. 21s. (Hutchinson.)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Love Made Manifest. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
The Craze of Christina. By L. Cameron. 6s. (Long.)

And the various sixpenny works named above.

THE READER.

AURORA BOREALIS ACADEMICA.*

BY PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON, LL.D., LIT.D.

TILL 1860 Aberdeen had the peculiar distinction among the towns of Great Britain of possessing within herself two independent Universities. There was the University of Marischal College in the main town, founded in 1593; and there was the University of King's College, dating from 1494, and situated in an outskirt of the main town known as the Old Town. Each had its own legends and traditions; and there was a kind of rivalry, with something even of antagonism, between the two. Hence it was not enough in those days to say of any one who had been educated at either that he was an Aberdeen graduate; he had to be defined further, and he liked to be defined further, as either a King's College man or a Marischal College man. There came an end to this state of things, however, in 1860, when the two Colleges and Universities were united into the present single University of Aberdeen. The union, which had not been accomplished without much contention, was like the sudden junction, under a newly acquired common name, of two rivers that had been long flowing in separate courses through different tracts of territory, and had become differently coloured in consequence. It was difficult for those who till then had been regarding themselves as King's College men or Marischal College men to transfer their allegiance all at once to the compound corporation; and there are still alive some *alumni* of the defunct Colleges who have never quite managed to do so, and go about in the world with a sense of being academic Melchisedeks. These, however, are dying out; and the date of the union of the two Colleges is, very properly, looked back to now by present Aberdonians as an important epoch in the history of the town, all on this side of which is modern and vivid, while all on the other side is ancient and obscure. But the United University itself is not now exactly what it was in 1860. Constituted then by the ordinances of the General Scottish Universities Commission of 1858, it has been subject more recently to the action of the Universities Commission of 1889; and the effect has been a recast of the original constitution of the University in some radical respects. Thus the period between 1860 and 1889, comprising the first twenty-nine years of the existence of the United University, is regarded by all interested as a very definitely marked period in its history, a period capable of being surveyed and reported on by itself. It is to this feeling that we owe the production, under the careful editorship of Mr. P. J. Anderson, the University Librarian, of the very handsome volume the title and sub-title of which are given below. The main title may be translated "The Flashing Academic Lights of the Northern Sky"; the sub-title indicates more prosaically that the volume consists of sketches and appreciations of all the notabilities of the University of Aberdeen through the twenty-nine years chosen for the survey.

The volume opens with an account by the Marquis of Huntly, the present Lord Rector of the University, of all his predecessors in that office; after which there is a succession of thirty-seven papers by twenty-five different contributors. Four of the papers are of a miscellaneous character; the remaining thirty-three are the "Appreciations" proper, the subjects of twenty-nine of them being the Professors of the University in complete and accurately dated series from 1860 to 1889, while the other four are sketches of persons connected with the University closely, but not professorially. It is these thirty-three "appreciations," each accompanied by a portrait after a photograph or an original painting, that constitute the uncommon attraction of the book. It is certainly not every day that the British public has set before it so many as three and thirty appreciations of recently living academics of diverse types (several of the thirty-three, indeed, living still), all baked together so neatly in one dish, in so rich a jelly, and the jelly, we must add, so appetisingly peppered.

The book, though intended most directly for the North of Scotland, and likely to be read there with the keenest relish, has recommendations for a wider circle of readers. Some of the persons sketched are celebrities generally, or in special connections, far beyond the limits of Aberdeen or the range of its University. For many in various parts of the world Professor Bain is the best known and the most interesting of living Aberdonians; and to all such the intimate pen-portrait of him personally by one of his pupils, with the accompanying account of his methods of teaching and of his influence in the University during his tenure of the Logic Professorship from 1860 to 1880, ought to be especially welcome. Of William Minto, Bain's successor in the Logic chair, whose premature death cut short a literary career of such fine promise, there is an excellent sketch by Mr. William Keith Leask; and incidental references to Minto in others of the papers attest the singular affection with which his memory is still cherished in the University. Oxford and Cambridge men will find special interest in the account given in one of the papers of

* "Aurora Borealis Academica." Aberdeen University Appreciations, 1860-1889. Aberdeen: Printed by the University Printers, 1899.

the successful exertions of Sir William Geddes, now the distinguished Principal of the University, but formerly its Professor of Greek, for the resuscitation, it may almost be said the inauguration, of Greek studies and real Greek scholarship among his northern compatriots. Cambridge men, in particular, will learn, from the sketches of Professor Fuller and Professor David Thomson, what an extraordinary new impulse to the native mathematical aptitudes of those parts, strong enough already, was given by those two Cantabs. For the medical profession throughout Britain there will be no ordinary interest in the life-like sketch of the late Sir John Struthers by Dr. W. L. Mackenzie, appended as it is so fittingly to Sir John's own contribution to the volume, in the form of Notes on the Progress of the Aberdeen Medical School, written as a parting gift from his death-bed. Dr. Milligan, Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University from 1860 to 1893, and among the best known of recent Scottish theologians, is the subject of a sketch by the Rev. James Cooper. To none of the papers, however, will readers turn more eagerly than to that on Robertson Smith, who comes into the list not as a Professor of the University, nor even, as he might have done exceptionally, as its famous alumnus, but because he discharged for the three years from 1888 to 1891 the duties of its Burnett Lectureship. The paper is by his intimate friend Dr. John F. White, and is eloquent of the regard with which the great Biblical critic inspired all his intimates. Here are glimpses of him as Dr. White saw him in some of those Highland journeys with which he recreated himself while the heresy cry after him and about him was at its loudest :—

"Once when we were together near Glencoe, Smith, contrary to his wont, retired early, as he had been climbing Ben Nevis. When he left the room (in which there had been free talk about 'the case' during dinner) the old waiter rushed in, saying in an animated whisper, 'Is yon him? Is yon Robertson Smith?' 'Well, you won't do him any harm, will you?' 'Na, na, he's safe here.' On another occasion in far-off Loch Inver the quiet of midnight was made hideous to me by two Highlanders, who, after their discussion over their cups in the public-house, continued it loudly under the full moon. 'He's a heretic, I tell ye.' 'Weel, he's an ill-used man, whatever,' was the reply. . . . . On a Scottish hillside (and he preferred the hills that were bare of trees, reminding him doubtless of his native Bennachie) he would expatiate on the beautiful life of the shepherd, and, looking up to the mountains, he would break into a low chant, crooning to himself in a rapt ecstatic manner a Hebrew psalm, which his companion, Mr. J. G. Frazer, instinctively felt was 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.' At such times Smith seemed to fall into deep reverie."

Among those who cannot be reckoned among the *celebrities* of the volume, but only as among its interesting *local notabilities*, some are sketched so admiringly, and yet with such evident truthfulness, that we can have no doubt that they were really superior men, doing their work admirably in their several departments, and entitled to the respect with which their memories are still regarded. Underneath these, again, there are some of whom it is not concealed that they were *mediocrities*, or even, in one or two cases, mediocrities verging on contemptibility. What has redeemed some of those mediocrities from total oblivion among the Aberdonians amid whom they moved, and what has also indeed added a special flavour to the recollections by Aberdonians of some of the celebrities of whom they are proudest, and whom they could not forget if they would, is the conjunction exhibited in these particular cases of extreme oddity or eccentricity of personal characteristics with the reputation of the men otherwise. Aberdeen still swims in the humours of her University traditions from the period between 1860 and 1889; and these connect themselves more especially with the names and memories of several "originals" whose portraits stand out with immortal distinctness in the present volume.

The Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College from 1846 to 1860, and in the United University from 1860 to 1876, was the Rev. William Martin, of whom this is a description :—

"There are plenty of people who would have died of shame over one-tenth of the insults at which Professor Martin simply smiled a superior smile. I never saw the faintest trace of his being even partially annoyed by the jokes of the class and its disorder. He was too sure of himself and his own greatness and wisdom, and of the pitiable folly of young men, to be other than compassionate. . . . . A favourite diversion was to bring in a fowl which could only be expelled from the class-room after infinite trouble and confusion. . . . . Out of the goodness of his heart, Dr. Martin held a Bible-class on Sunday evenings. It used to be conducted at his lodgings, but the scenes became so violent that it was transferred to a room in the Music Hall. I attended the first meeting for the session. Martin explained to us that we might choose *Romans* or *Hebrews* as a subject for study during the winter, and that he would take a vote as to the theme next meeting. Some of the men profanely treated the vote as they would a Rectorial election, and canvassed either for *Romans* or *Hebrews*. Bills were put up, of which I remember one—VOTE FOR HEBREWS, AND POLL EARLY."

The successor of Martin in the Moral Philosophy Chair, and its occupant from 1876 to 1894, was Professor John Fyfe, by no means a mediocrity, but a really interesting man, one would guess, though with a mind plugged to its mouth with a vehement and dogged antipathy to all new lights of the Darwinian sort or from what he called the Materialistic and Evolutionary School of Physics and Metaphysics. Here is a specimen of his style of lecturing :—

"The feature of his lectures was his system of illustration, which abounded in bright humour, not of the dry, grave old Scotch type, but productive of side-splitting roars which left no dry eye in the house. Against the Experimentalist Philosophy which has so long prevailed in Aberdeen he launched the thunder of his invective and the keen shafts of his wit. Here are some of his tit-bits :—'If it be argued that we are descended from an arboreal type, then we must concede that our ancestors had an excellent training in the higher branches.'—'The old Stoics held the theory of an Annus Magnus or Cycle in which the universe returns to the point whence it started. This is now resuscitated in a more materialistic form. Look at a boy blowing up an ox-bladder and then making it collapse again. Now, remove the boy, and imagine the bladder has the power of inflation and collapsing; there is the Universe! there is the Cycle! there is the Annus Magnus! there Spencer's Rhythm!' [*Scornful grimaces, deafening cheers.*]—He continues, addressing one of the class: 'Were you ever here before?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you remember being here millions of years before?' 'No, sir.' 'Not remember it? Dear me! We have been here thousands of times. Don't you remember discussing with me millions of years ago? Was it the same discussion? Did I use the same words? Have I no power to change a word? Am I bond? [*Pious indignation of Professor.*] How long will it be till you are magistrands again? Some think that in the nineteenth century development has reached its climax. Haeckel thought he was the last puff.' . . . Announcing the Debating Society's subject, 'Should M.P.'s be paid?' he added, 'Yes, by results; then we'd be free of taxation.'"

One of the very cleverest sketches in the volume is that of William Pirrie (*Pirrie* with two *r*'s), Professor of Surgery, first in Marischal College from 1839 to 1860, and then in the United University from 1860 to 1882. No mediocrity he, either; but the most famous surgeon in his neighbourhood for forty years, and a most energetic and influential professor, for whom his pupils would have fought

and died had it been necessary. Yet, what an "original" he was, and how laughable his class-room rhetoric, let the following extract tell:—

"As a teacher the one great characteristic he possessed was enthusiasm. It was an infective, bursting enthusiasm, which was wholly irrepressible. . . . In supreme attempts at clearness he not unfrequently misplaced words, and at times became truly aphasic towards the climax, putting the cart before the horse, and thereby producing a word-dilemma of which he was wholly unconscious. What if 'pus corpuscles' would come out as 'cus porcuscles'? what if Paget was re-christened 'William,' and Ferguson 'James'? what if the operation devised by the American surgeon Marion Sims was ascribed to 'the great Dr. Sims Reeves of New York'? Pirrie was unconscious of the slip, and his audience was all the happier. One example of what is meant will suffice:—One Monday morning the extraordinary fact that an acupressure pin could be removed from the femoral artery in the short space of four hours without subsequent hæmorrhage was communicated to the surgery class in the following manner: 'Gentlemen, you saw Dr. Keith with the greatest skill amputate a boy's thigh at the Infirmary last Saturday at twelve o'clock. You saw him apply acupressure by the Aberdeen twist, by means of a pin with a yellow head, to the main trunk of the femoral artery. Now, gentlemen, on the following morning, Sunday morning, at five o'clock, I went to the Infirmary to see a patient I was greatly interested in. I aalways visit my wards when I have an interesting case at five o'clock in the morning. Well, gentlemen, as I was waackin' towards my own ward, my ears were shocked to hear the morning of the Lord's Day being desecrated by some profane person whistlin' "The Braes o' Mar." On opening Dr. Keith's ward door, whence the sound proceeded, what do you think I, for instance, saw now? I saw the little boy, whose thigh Dr. Keith had amputated the day before, sitting up in bed, twirling between his finger and thumb the yellow-headed pin that had been applied to his femoral artery, and whistlin' "The Braes o' Mar." Gentlemen, what do you think of that,—whistlin' "The Braes o' Mar"?' His enthusiasm had reached such an intensity that words, not ideas, were left to him; he had lost sight of the announcement of the great scientific fact that in four hours the femoral had been permanently occluded, and clung to 'The Braes o' Mar' as a drowning man to a straw, repeating the sentence again and again in complete oblivion of the purport. The effect on the audience can be easily conceived, but Pirrie drowned all mirth with 'Isn't it so nice to have your ideas all arrang't?'"

All in all, the book ought to prove, wherever proof is required, that there has been no diminution in late years of the reputed power of Aberdeen and the region thereabouts to produce, and find occupation for, energetic personalities of very various sorts. Were one an Aberdonian, and in the company of Aberdonians, one might be moved to say more. It is the kind of book, one imagines, to stir Aberdonians to even an inordinate display of their notorious district patriotism, and to make any company of them rise in unabashed chorus to even such a toast as *Aberdeen past, Aberdeen present, and Aberdeen for ever!*

THE REAL MRS. OLIPHANT.

SOME NOTES BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

THE autobiography and collated letters of Mrs. Oliphant have been of intense interest, but at the same time a grievous disappointment to many of her most loving friends. No doubt the compiler was crippled by instructions given on her deathbed that "no life of herself was to be written," but at the same time we all, who knew her well, feel that only one side is shown to the general public who loved her books whether novels or histories, and now long to know what manner of woman she was.

The impression left by the book is, that she was overwhelmed with the waves of this troublesome world, that she only wrote for money, and that sorrow entirely crushed her. From 1880 (the year her autobiography closes), when I was admitted to her acquaintance, and afterwards friendship, by my marriage, till 1895, my experience of her was diametrically opposed to the idea conveyed by these collated letters. Many of the most important and happiest features of her life are entirely omitted.

Her boys, no doubt, were an anxiety to her, and sometimes her friends found intercourse with them a little difficult. But the difficulty was easily overcome. With all their faults they were a continual joy to her. Cyril's tenor voice, his courtly bearing to the aged, often shown most gracefully to Madame la Marquise (or Marechale?) as the old friend Mrs. Macdonald was called, often caused his mother's sweet face to sparkle with pleasure. Like all indulged children they sometimes refused to be "trotted out" when she wished them to show their best before some friends.

Cecco at his best was a delightful companion, an erudite herald, with a power of assimilating knowledge, and a delightful gift of letter writing rare in these hurried days. His death to me was a personal sorrow. I stole in to ask for his mother after the dreadful news, never thinking to see her, and there, along the narrow passage (so well known to all who visited No. 9, The Crescent), came her sweet frail form, with quivering lips, and those intense brown eyes almost on fire with agony of mind, and her beautiful hands outstretched. "My dear! you loved him!" was the cry of the desolate mother, and the explanation of her making this supreme effort for any friend of his.

He was wonderfully tender to children, and never forgot to send or bring little treasures from foreign lands to child friends. He and they vied in making grotesque collections of quaint little animals in china, plaster, etc. The whole family gave sweet gifts and presents in a way that sometimes confused us cold English.

Then I would like to draw attention to her intense loving-kindness to all her servants—friends of the family indeed they were. The Swiss maid Lena, who handed the dishes at dinner, had a way of severely reproving in trenchant French anyone who, she thought, had not eaten enough. On one occasion a son of one servant obtained an unexpectedly good situation, and Mrs. Oliphant exclaimed, "It is almost as good news as if it had been Cyril appointed to a good post." Esther, the parlourmaid, was a friend to all the friends, and can I say more?

Then the dogs! Why the house was nothing without Darby and Joan, the two liver-coloured Dachshunds! Darby was soon called to the Dog Star, or wherever they go, on leaving their earthly friends, but Joan reigned supreme till Urisk arrived in a hamper from the far Highlands, and became at once a joy and a worry to all. Of Yarrow I remember little. His successor, Glen, was a dignified and magnificent collie. Often in a dark winter afternoon I have seen Mrs. Oliphant pacing up and down the Crescent garden in the gloaming to rest after a long day's visiting, attended by "the dogs" and the adopted daughters. (God send us mothers such real daughters as these nieces have been to her!)

Even after Cecco's death, when it would seem from the book that she was desolate, the presence of Mrs. Valentine's sweet babies was an unspeakable joy to Mrs. Oliphant. Cyril's room was their nursery; nothing in heaven or earth was too good for them and their charming Scotch nurse. The little son would sit upon her knee and nod his baby

head while Mrs. Oliphant called him "Little Laird," "Laird of Lochie," "Baillie," etc., etc. Their dainty frocks were many of them of her devising.

This brings me to speak of her appearance. I always connect her with beautiful old lace. It was a passion and a cult with her. Her dainty caps were often washed and made up by her own hands. Her hair when I knew her was snowy white. "Petite" exactly suggests her appearance. Her eyes were a rare brown, and her dress always black and always noiseless. She often wore a sort of muslin fichu. One day I came in and found her folding some for the girls who had failed with them, saying, "My dear, why does not the folding of lace come naturally to all women!"

The same day she said in her droll, dry manner:

"It is curious! but I have had four separate invitations to the 'Sports'; they can't want a poor Scotch body like me! Can it be Madge and Denny by chance?" her eyes twinkling with fun.

The fact that both nieces developed talents for portrait painting and for carving delighted her. Everyone in that house worked till the evening.

Of late years she altered her hours and wrote much while still in bed in the early morning. It was tacitly understood by her friends that her mornings were entirely undisturbed. Then the evenings! Who that has dined frequently there can ever forget the privilege? She was one of those rare women equally beloved by men and women. She made us all welcome, she entertained us all, and she gathered together all the cleverest and brightest at her table. Never mind if the cook were good or bad, it all went merry as a marriage bell. If she had a clever friend or a man of mark as guest, she never forgot her humbler friends, and let them share the pleasure. The Eton masters were no mean company in themselves; and one often met several, only too pleased to forget their day's School in such companionship. No word of scandal ever rose at that board—much fun, much wit, and universal love and honour to the hostess.

May I say she was a better hostess than guest? Indeed, I believe these two characters are very seldom at their best in one individual. She was loth to leave home, but when she did, was a joy to her friends. Mr. Tarver has said that one of his great pleasures was, when he had persuaded her to dine there, and after dinner (when all conversation was enjoyment) he poured out for her a glass of his choicest claret and assured himself she had an evening before her free from work and care.

She had not many friends in Windsor, but those whom she chose, appreciated the selection to the utmost. There was always an unfortunate mistake as to "Within the Precincts," in which book every touchy Windsor resident thought he found himself portrayed, and was furious or flattered as the case might be. As a matter of fact, much of it was undesigned coincidence, and the last thing that loving woman wished was to wound or hurt any living creature. Of poorer neighbours she had a multitude whom she fed and clothed and helped in ten thousand ways. Her native liberality, of course, kept her poor, as whatever she had was shared with others then and there. No doubt she hurried writings to obtain cash, but apart from that, her love for several of her own creations demonstrates the peculiar pleasure vouchsafed to creative authors. She was always proud of the fact that some of her critics mistook the author of "Salem Chapel" for a Dissenter on account of the intimate knowledge displayed. Sometimes she put in an actual name and surname, forgetting where she had heard them, and imagining it a fresh thought. I remember being sent to explain this to some one in Windsor, who gracefully accepted the truth.

Bills did worry her no doubt at times. They worry us all!

"Ah! D——'s bill," she said, "is a thing I walk round and look at from the four quarters, and pick up and then drop before opening it."

Her "Makers of Florence" and "Makers of Venice" were little toil for her, as she had a valid excuse to live well in glorious cities. In Venice her two friends, Henry James and Richard Holmes, used to breakfast regularly with her and her family at Florian's, and she used to watch with amused face the entrance of Tragedy and Comedy, as she pleased to nickname these collaborators.

Her friendship with the Tarvers was of the most tender sort, enhanced by the tragic death of Waldemar their son. Of course she went instantly to them, and was as a mother to them in their sorrow.

The friendship with the Blackwoods "goes without saying," and also that with Mrs. Craik. I do not think the reading world is aware how intense was the influence of Miss Clifford—"The Little Pilgrim"—on her. Gentle (almost to outsiders supine) as she was, there was a spiritual affinity and link between them, which did not end in death because to two such souls there is *no death.*

That, I think, is the keynote and explanation of her so-called second sight, and of the spiritualism and the mysticism of some of her works. "The Beleaguered City" is enough to make any writer's reputation, but she was always so humble and gentle about it. To tell the truth, she always gave me the idea we none of us had the perception to appreciate fully the mystic part of her story.

The first part of "The Little Pilgrim" is beyond all praise, and one would wish she had paused after "The Little Pilgrim" had been vouchsafed a sight of our Blessed Lord. The second part is a little too material for the land which is very far off.

The spiritual world seemed easily attracted and arrested by the presence of Mrs. Oliphant. Table-turning was fruitless as to messages from the unseen, unless she were present. The spirit of a Pole unknown to her or the few selected friends who took part in these séances was frequently present. Also one night a female spirit disclosed her name, and declared she was in old time the daughter of a provost of Eton. This name, utterly unknown and forgotten by this generation, was found on an old tombstone afterwards, and the whole story tallied with the revelations of the spirit.

Her own attitude with regard to the seen and unseen world, as gathered from conversations with her, was that the veil is of the slightest, and that to the faithful *there is no death.* They simply find themselves gently but suddenly changed for the better and in the Better Land, but *never* separated from us.

"There is no death; what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death"

is exactly her attitude when speaking to friends on this mighty problem.

Reviews of her Life hitherto have hardly touched on the graver, more scholarly books; "Makers of Venice," "Florence," "Jerusalem," "St. Francis d'Assisi," Literary histories, "Sheridan," "Joan of Arc," and numbers of others. Perhaps because one is fain to confess much was knowledge acquired for the purpose of each book, almost "paste and scissors." At any rate she *lives* as the novel readers' Dante—the *woman* who has seen into another world.

That Miss Clifford's influence was great is not that she was her medium or anything of that description, but that she loved her so and indulged in this belief, as the link between them grew after the one went on before. Very gentle, very loving she was, but with fixed views and ideas no argument could shake. The writer was quietly rebuked for not attending her parish church and preferring one at a distance, and told that she *knew* that *a* seat in that church was empty in the sight of God wherever else she might choose to attend.

One of Miss Clifford's little fancies was, to send flowers to sick people on a little Indian tray, not tied up in any way. "I like to think of them lying in bed and just prolonging the pleasure by turning them over." None of her troubles were ever alluded to, but the Rest of those gone mentioned constantly with thankfulness.

Her connection with the Hale family was most tender and at the same time utterly distinct from her connection with the Tarvers. It was the closest friendship; often unwittingly tried by herself, as on one occasion, when Mr. Hale said, "Well, Mrs. Oliphant has three times asked my advice as to her sons. I have three times given it to the very best of my knowledge, experience, and ability such as it is, and she has each time gone exactly opposite to my advice."

Mrs. Rogerson is just mentioned as "Mrs. R."; but, indeed, Mrs. Oliphant received much refreshment in difficult times from her great sympathy with the children's friend Christina Rogerson. No little mud-lark but what that good woman found a niche for him, and often found she had entertained an angel unawares. Mrs. Oliphant saw the drollery of the establishment, but was most keenly alive to its beauty. They loved each other deeply, but as their intercourse was concerned with curious social questions, few people except myself are aware how deep was the love between those two.

The Queen rarely notices personally any of the inhabitants of Windsor who are not of the Household, but her love for Mrs. Oliphant's writings, her sympathy with a widow bereaved of both her sons, was a great link between these two "women," who met on mutual grounds of sympathy. The Librarian says the only books of one author he has been commanded to keep posted up as to volumes are those of Mrs. Oliphant. Mr. Holmes, by Her Majesty's express permission, employed Cecco at the Royal Library, where he was able both to work and enjoy himself at the time his health was so frail that an outsider would have hesitated to give him any appointment.

Fresh, clean, pure, and clever are her writings. Can that be said of many authoresses and novelists of this half century?

"The little house at Eton" holds the earthly remains of one precious beyond measure to us loving though unnamed friends.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Interest in Liverpool press circles has been centred on the Conference of the Institute of Journalists. About 400 of the 600 members of the Institute attending the Conference remained in Liverpool for the full week. This is regarded as a most gratifying fact, as showing more than the usual interest throughout the country in the Liverpool gathering. The local committees worked most harmoniously and enthusiastically to make the meetings a success.

In addition to the ordinary business engagements, the District Reception Committee have provided some fifteen or sixteen different functions. The Lord Mayor gives a reception and dance; and three garden parties are being given by Lord Henniker at Douglas, Sir J. A. and Lady Willox, and Mr. A. L. Jones of the Elder Dempster line. The White Star colossus *Oceanic* and a Cunard liner will be on view.

Mr. F. E. Binns, of the editorial staff of the *Bradford Observer*, has been presented by his colleagues with a handsome marble timepiece, suitably inscribed, on the occasion of his marriage.

Several changes have recently taken place on the staff of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*. Mr. J. T. Kendall, for some years at headquarters, has taken charge of the Mansfield branch-office in succession to Mr. H. Walkerdine, who has accepted the editorship of the *Mansfield Reporter*. Mr. J. A. Brierley, who joined the reporting staff of the *Guardian* rather less than three years since, has been appointed to a position on the sporting staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. E. A. Harris, for several years associated with the *Nottingham Express*, has transferred his services to the *Guardian*.

Mr. J. L. Greaves has relinquished the position of editor of the *Mansfield Reporter*.

The *Nottingham City News* has lately changed hands, the property having been acquired by Messrs. Derbyshire Bros., accountants, of that city.

Mr. G. W. Murdoch, the veteran journalist who for the last six years has held the position of Naturalist Editor to the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, has, in addition to his present work, accepted a similar post in connection with the new *Stockbreeders' Magazine*.

Mr. Godfrey Dean, who has been on the staff of the *Warrington Examiner* for about three years, is about to join the staff of the *Blackpool Herald*.

Yet another change at the *Preston Herald*. This time Mr. F. Smith succeeds Mr. Joynson.

Mr. A. F. Asher, proprietor and editor of the *Surrey Advertiser*, celebrated his sixtieth birthday and the thirty-eighth year of the establishment of that paper on August 16th, by entertaining the whole staff, to the number of nearly fifty, to dinner at the Constitutional Hall. After dinner Mr. Asher was agreeably surprised at receiving a handsome present of a silver salver and an illuminated address as a mark of the affectionate regard entertained for him by the staff.

A meeting of journalists associated with newspapers in North and East Lancashire was held at Blackburn last month to pass resolutions upon the district question, it having been decided to constitute the present North-East Lancashire area a separate district of the Institute of Journalists, instead of remaining a sub-district of the Manchester District. Mr. A. Francis, *Lancashire Daily Post* (Preston), occupied the chair *pro tem.* The necessary resolutions were submitted to the meeting and agreed to. Considerable interest was taken in the election of officers for the current year, which resulted as follows:—Chairman, W. N. Watts (Blackburn); vice-chairmen, A. Francis, A. Brodie Fraser (Preston), and S. S. Lord (Barrow-in-Furness); hon. secretary, F. J. Mehew (Preston); hon. treasurer, J. Rostron (Blackburn); representative on the council, F. J. Mehew; delegate to conference, W. N. Watts; other members of district committee, R. S. Crossley (Accrington), T.

Singleton (Blackpool), W. J. Jones (Burnley), E. Phillips (Lancaster), A. J. Chappell (Haslingden); hon. auditor, W. J. Overs'a'l (Accrington). A letter was read from Sir Edward R. Russell *(Liverpool Daily Post)* extolling the work of the Institute.

WALES.

News has reached Llanelly of the death of Mr. Samuel Griffiths, formerly employed on the *South Wales Daily Post*, Swansea, which took place at Santiago De Cuba on July 14th. Mr. Griffiths, who was barely twenty-one years of age, left Swansea in January, to take up a journalistic appointment at Kingston, Jamaica. The paper subsequently changed proprietors, and young Griffiths had to obtain other employment. Through the influence of the Acting-Consul of Cuba, he procured a good position in a large banking house there, but six weeks after commencing duties he was seized with yellow fever, which proved fatal.

While Mr. S. G Jarman, the editor of the *North Wales Guardian*, was away with his family enjoying a holiday at Margate in the early part of August, his residence at Wrexham was broken into by burglars.

The death has taken place, at the age of forty-four years, of Mr. James Jeffery, the well-known Conservative agent for East Glamorgan, and formerly editor of the *Glamorgan Times*.

ISLE OF MAN.

The members of the Institute of Journalists made an excursion to Douglas on August 31st, in connection with the Annual Conference of the Institute at Liverpool. The visitors were entertained by the Mayor of Douglas (Mr. Alderman Webb) to luncheon, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man (Lord Henniker) gave a garden party at Government House during the afternoon.

Mr. John Robinson has rejoined the reporting staff of the *Manx Sun*.

Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Alderman Webb, Mayor of Douglas, have been appointed honorary members of the Institute of Journalists.

NEW BOOKS.

A NEW LIFE OF SAVONAROLA.*

These pages were written, in the first instance, on occasion of a controversy which had broken out between Dr. Pastor and Dr. Paolo Luotto concerning the Florentine reformer, Jerome Savonarola. But they have been much expanded, and now appear as an independent study of documents, which they summarise or incorporate from the Archivio Storico Italiano, the collections of Gherardi and Cappelli, and the Appendices to Quétif, Perrens, and Villari. Father Lucas is a Jesuit, and his purpose, as we learn, is "to set before the reader the facts of Savonarola's life," and, having done so, to express, "with becoming moderation and reserve" his own judgment on the questions of history or law which arise in consequence. To this temper of moderation Father Lucas makes a willing sacrifice of picturesque or passionate style. Yet the volume reads easily; in its closing chapters a drama is enacted which no damping down of the colour can subdue to tameness. And though Villari gains by contrast with a manner so free from emotion, and so entirely without movement or eloquence, it is impossible for any one who is interested in Savonarola to lay the volume aside until he has come to its last page.

The author aims at an impartial judgment, founded on the witness of the facts. He has produced a valuable compendium which will deserve to be consulted by the many who cannot themselves work in libraries or go to the original documents. It does, I believe, throw much light on the whole subject, and should be set in comparison with Villari's classic narrative, which, in certain points it is enabled to correct, though not, I am bound to say, in points of capital importance. The full bibliography and a good index are features by no means to be overlooked. In short, as a piece of criticism there is probably no other work so complete and trustworthy on the topic with which it deals in the English language. Nor is Father Lucas untouched by feelings of regard and even of admiration for the great Florentine preacher, whose action, on the whole, he is disposed to judge with severity. There is in his pages none of the singular ill-temper, as I should call it, which makes Dr. Pastor's verdict on Savonarola such painful reading. Father Lucas qualifies his own opinions with many Attic particles; he has not the least wish to dogmatise, nor very much to insist on the conclusion at which he arrives as if it were the only one conceivable. His language throughout is judicial. But, perhaps, the point of view from which he regards Savonarola will appear in English eyes too strictly formal, or, let us say, too much that of the ecclesiastical lawyer, to be quite the same as that of an historian or a moralist. As I am not now discussing these problems in themselves, I will content myself with describing it and there make an end.

Faintly sketching the background of history, but allowing that Alexander VI. had bought his election, and was a simoniacal Pope, stained with gross public misdemeanours, the author yet conceives that Savonarola, in appealing from his censures to a General Council, as well as in endeavouring to get him deposed, was guilty of an offence before the law which merited "the extreme penalty," that is to say, excommunication and death. It is certain that Frà Girolamo caused letters to be written, though they were never sent, which had in view to stir up the princes of Christendom, so that they should convoke a Council, like that of Constance, in which Alexander might be tried and condemned for his many crimes. But, says Father Lucas, the attempt to procure a General Council was in contravention of the well-known Bull *Execrabilis*, issued by Pius II.; therefore, Savonarola deserved, in the main, the treatment which he received at the hands of the Papal Commissioners, though he did not deserve that his answers to them should be garbled and falsified. If it be said that Alexander's election, as being corrupt, was invalid, that some eminent mediæval canonists held such a view, and that Savonarola founded himself upon them; yet, replies Father Lucas, the view was not really tenable, and these things prove nothing except that the Friar was in good faith. Morally, he may have been innocent, and very likely was innocent. Legally, he had broken the law and must bear the consequences. He ought to have obeyed Alexander from first to last. As a private individual he was neither called upon nor entitled to dispute his claim to the Papacy. The letter which was written by the Commissioners, or by Romolino alone, to the Pope after they had condemned Frà Girolamo, does indeed "contain calumnious accusations in contradiction with the evidence," yet "all its statements" are "not false," the truth was "sufficient, on Savonarola's own principles, to justify the sentence;" but "his companions might have been spared." Such is Father Lucas's opinion, and so he leaves the matter, while recognising that the Friar was, in some sort, a pioneer of Catholic Saints who, in the succeeding century, reformed the Church and stemmed the tide of Lutheranism.

I have no intention of examining these conclusions one by one. The principle from which they are derived, and on which their value depends, is clearly that of "passive obedience," as it was understood in the days of the Stuarts, but applied to the days of Alexander VI. and his predecessors or successors, who brought on the Reformation, even as Charles I. brought on the Great Rebellion. And this, one would imagine, is evidence enough that such a principle, whether in Church or State, is simply fatal in its working. No human society will endure to be tyrannised over without hope of redress. A General Council or its equivalent in whatever shape, is the expression of the religious conscience, to which in extremity every good Christian will appeal. And if Simon Magus sits in the chair of Simon Peter, so much the more need is there that appeal should be made to it. Savonarola gave a voice to the conscience of his time; for that he perished. Did the law—Canon Law—allow Alexander VI. to shelter his own crimes by putting to torture and death an innocent man? Suppose it did, shall we say that the law was holy, and just, and righteous? Most certainly not. We shall say that it was a bad law and required instant amendment. So Julius II. must have thought when he made a new law not many years after, and decreed that no election of a Pope bought with money should ever be held valid under any

*"Frà Girolamo Savonarola. A Biographical Study based on Contemporary Documents." By Herbert Lucas, S.J. 7s. 6d. pp. xxxii., 474. (London: Sands and Co.)

circumstances. If it were possible to set the law on this side and Savonarola and innocence over against it on that, the result would not be to solve any problem, but to create one far more terrible than has hitherto been recognised. When law and justice are in conflict, revolution is at the doors. Savonarola was executed in 1498. Twenty years passed and Luther was burning the Book of the Decretals at Wittenberg.

WILLIAM BARRY.

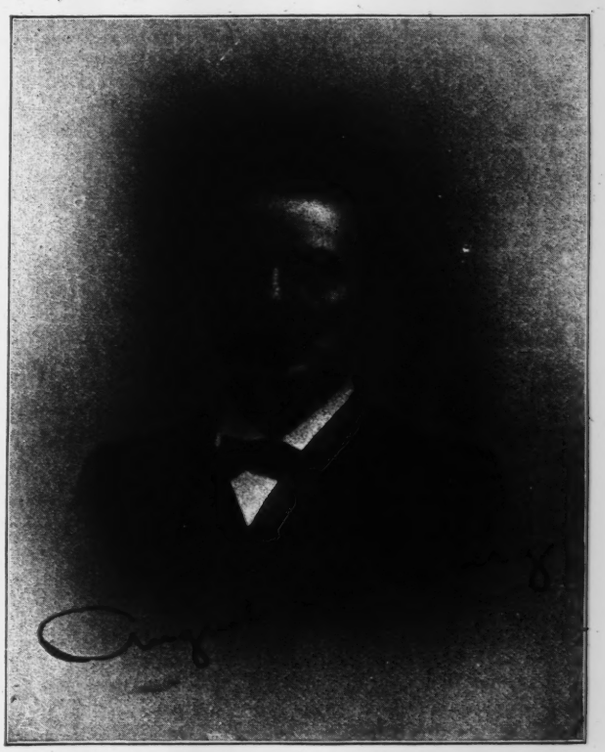
STRINDBERG'S "FATHER."*

Strindberg has never before been translated for English readers. His present editor—evidently not the translator—says nothing in the least likely to create an interest in him. He is timid, and hardly appreciative enough, it will appear to some who are not fervent admirers of the Swedish dramatist. "It would be absurd," he rightly says, "to claim for Strindberg equality with the master minds of the day. But," he goes on, "pessimism has been and is still a mighty factor in literature. . . . And Strindberg is the most pessimistic of living pessimists—for Nietszche is living dead. That is his claim to distinction; that is why his work deserves study." This is sheer nonsense. No man's work deserves study on such a ground. Because a man is a Mahometan, or a Socialist, or a Mormon, or a romantic, he is not interesting. Only on account of his own individual force or subtlety, working on some material, be it Mahometanism or pessimism, and expressing it coherently and as a living thing, is he of interest. Strindberg is to be judged not as a pessimist, but as a dramatist, an artist. And so to the play before us.

"The Father" is dark all through—sour, black, hopeless. You may take gloomy views of life yourself, and yet, for the moment, at least, loathe the writer. You rebel against his motive, his material, his temper. But these perforce accepted, you must accept his conclusions; and thus his play takes its rank among the genuine dramas of the world. The first part strikes one as too crude, too elementary, to be the work of a serious artist. But he seizes your attention before the end, keeps it, and wrings from you a confession that, whether you like the thing or not, it has strength and reality. The hero is a military man of a scientific bent of mind. All his life he has been much under the influence of women. His nurse, his wife, her mother, his daughter, to name but a few, have instinctively held sway over him, in their own fashion. He resents this, but he cannot free himself from the influence. His attitude to women may be judged by two speeches. "'Have you heard,' he said, 'how I answered an English lady, when she complained of an Irishman who used to throw lighted lamps in his wife's face? 'God, what women!' I cried. 'Women?' she lisped. 'Yes, of course,' I answered." Yet after he has thrown a lamp at his own wife, and abused her foully, he maunders, "Laura, when you were young, and we walked in the birchwood, with the oxlips and the thrushes . . . glorious, glorious!" And almost his last words are, "Oh, it is sweet to sleep on a woman's breast, a mother's or a mistress's, but the mother's is the best." A man like this must end tragically, whether the tragedy be violent or not. It is unfortunate that one of the chief factors in this drama, Laura the wife, is entirely incomprehensible. We must just take for granted that she is unscrupulous, cunning, overbearing, and, with some pretensions to distinction, quite unusually stupid. We cannot realise her, but we must conceive her as an evil force. Tired of her husband, whose weakness she has always despised, jealous of his zeal for science, greedy for the money he spends on it, jealous, too, of his influence over their daughter, she determines to have him declared mad, that she may have sole power over the property and the child. By riling him constantly she manages to rouse him to violence, which she parades as a proof of insanity. But, unintentionally, she has more success by hinting, when he would arrange for the child's education, that he is not the father. There is probably not a word of truth in it; but it acts like poison in his brain. All his old affection has turned into care for his daughter. His faith in everything is shattered. He indicts the whole of life—first, marriage, and especially modern marriage. "Formerly," he cries, "one married a wife, now one enters into partnership with a business woman, or goes to live with a friend. . . . And then one cheats the partner, and outrages the friend! What becomes of love, healthy physical love? It dies in the meantime. And what is the result of this love in shares, payable to the bearer without joint liability? Who is the bearer when the crash comes?" But even when he is assured that the child is his own, he will not accept comfort. He knows, though he will not confess, that such a mother as Laura, with her tough will, can mould a daughter more forcibly than he, and when, dying, he is offered a sight of Bertha, he cries:

"My child? A man has no children, it is only women who have children, and therefore the future is theirs, when we die childless. Oh, God! who lovest children!"

The end of the strange, bitter thing is sad, with a true and thrilling human pathos. It is an illustration of an everlasting truth, that by what can be asserted, shaped, made obvious to



From Photo by] AUGUST STRINDBERG. [*Lina Tonn, Lund.*

the average, is the individual's life ruled. All the finer qualities are in the poor hero's nature. His wife has lower ones, but she has power. Such as his are not lost for the race, not even for his surroundings; but unless they are realisable by the coarser, the average nature, unless they govern the average, he must be dominated by the lower; and if he resist, must be crushed. He lay pliant long, and when at last the strongest emotion left in him, love for his child, arose and demanded expression, it brought his destruction. Bound in the straitjacket—as he has been figuratively all his life—he realises his powerlessness at last, and dies of a broken heart. A dramatist who can tell convincingly a great human truth is a dramatist to be counted with, whether we like his means and his temper or not. And Strindberg has done this in "The Father."

A. M.

* "The Father (A Tragedy)." By August Strindberg. Translated by N. Erichsen. Modern Plays. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

THE DIARIES OF MRS. POWYS.*

Miss Climenson has probably made an ample selection from the copious diaries and travel-notes left by Mrs. Powys, since even as it is, she has printed some pages of purely domestic interest. Yet I am alarmed lest she should have omitted some sentences which to me would have been precious; and others will feel the same, for Mrs. Powys appeals to so many tastes and interests. The interest of the book is twofold.

First, as a travel-book in connection with the history of domestic architecture and gardening, a technical subject no doubt, but which in its social aspect is admissible in these

* "Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, of Hardwick House, Oxon, A.D. 1756 to 1808." Edited by Emily J. Climenson. 16s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

pages. We have had many books, and lately an exhaustive one, to tell us how the eighteenth century architects conspired to cozen England out of the dignified, sensible, comfortable homes which it had evolved in Jacobean days, and to drag us down at last to the hideous misery of the Eligible Mansion and the Genteel Terrace. But what we want to know is what their intelligent contemporaries thought of their fine doings—an enquiry which I myself find most fascinating. Now, most people somehow connect every old seventeenth century house with ideas of feudalism, chivalry, ecclesiasticism, obsolete despotism, divine right, and so forth; and regard Baker Street as the embodiment of emancipation, progress, Nonconformity, and Liberalism. Nothing can be more absurd. It was not the Puritan spirit, but its decay which permitted French shams to supplant English dignity and comfort. The early Dissenter's house was, I think, always behind the fashion. It is the anti-Puritan spirit, the frivolity, ostentation, and selfish extravagance of the upper classes that we must blame. Nor theirs alone; for the demon of Fashion, which had long possessed the courtiers and "city madams," after the Restoration began the conquest of the middle and lower classes, until at last Victoria came to preside over a nation of slaves. Perhaps this astounding frivolity and lightheadedness was a sort of reaction, protest, or safety-valve in the materialist, prosaic days of the Georges, and so may well have infected the purest and clearest minds. Anyhow, we find the curious phenomenon in the eighteenth century that change is accepted absolutely without argument. The old English houses were as nearly perfect as possible, therefore change must be for the worse. But I have yet found no instance of a serious attempt to compare the old and the new, or to estimate the value of the innovation—nothing beyond a timid, sneaking tolerance now and then of antiquity. Quite sensible people piously accepted the useless state-rooms and the underground kitchens, as we accept telephone wires and advertisement hoardings.

It is interesting to trace the gradual subjugation of the individual freewill in these matters. This we may do in the travel-notes of the many persons—not antiquarians—who amused themselves by home tours, inspecting and describing towns, churches, castles, and country seats. Of these, three carry us all through the eighteenth century, and they may be read in order with the greatest interest.

The earliest and best is that of the Hon. Celia Fiennes, who rode all over England in the reigns of William and Anne. This most original, racy, and in many ways precious book, fell flat, when it appeared some years ago, probably owing to its stupid title. Celia is mad for the new sash windows, gravel courts, iron rails, stone balls, "clipped filleroy," and "curious greens"; and gravely counts every stone step from the park up to the eating parlour. But she betrays some unfashionable weaknesses for old homes. Pocock, nephew of the learned bishop, travelled in the days of George II. His keen interest in modern improvements is tempered by an indulgence for the past, which is perhaps rather antiquarian than æsthetic. Lastly we may take Mrs. Powys (1738-1817), whose journals range from 1756 to 1808. They contain careful notes on the frequent visiting tours she made with her father or husband; these carry us down the decline of taste almost to the darkest ages. Her attitude is interesting. Of course she has to swim with the tide, and rejoices in the smart new front of Brother Tom's deanery at Canterbury, but by nature she is no iconoclast, and being reputed rather a notable and strong-minded woman, could afford to say so. No doubt it would have been nicer to marry into a new Palladian barrack, but after all old Hardwick was excellent of its kind, so she would put up with it. As its mistress she was shrewd enough in her *amour propre* to take the romantic line, defending the beautiful old house, and refusing to modernise it. And thus giving free play to her natural tastes as to house, garden, timber, and scenery, she comes to deliver judgments which even Mr. Ruskin might sanction. On timber she is remarkably lucid, and quotes an excellent saying of the unjustly abused Capability Brown, that in a certain park "he could not see the trees for wood," alluding to the modern craze for hiding the legs of a grove by a petticoat of shrubs.

But the book has another and wider interest as a series of glimpses of a certain phase of life in the period. It is neither high life nor literary life. Mrs. Powys' circle was a family one of highly respectable, landed gentry, with a strong clerical (but by no means ecclesiastical) element infused. Everybody is comfortably off, but quietly on the look out for preferment—willing to make themselves useful, and no objection to the country. By certain personages, like the Camdens, they were cordially patronised, and were grateful. Excellent, immaculate people they were, this Hardwick household, and evidently superior in talent, refinement, and variety of interests to their average neighbours—much after the pattern of Jane Austen's best families, whom I cannot abide. The English close family spirit in the days of Elizabeth or Cromwell is attractive enough, but its modern phase seems an anomaly. Like Miss Austen, Mrs. Powys almost persuades me to be a Democrat. These excellent people are so provokingly satisfied with themselves and the world which Providence has ordered expressly to suit them. The family sphere of little events, births, marriages, and deaths, Bath and Matlock, county business and charitable blankets, tea and tattle, was narrow, but they moved in it to perfection. What one hates is the British insolence with which they ignore the outside world, which exists only to supply them with amusement in the form of news. The narrow, self-satisfied Austen domesticism is in truth the subtlest form of vulgarity. Mrs. Powys was a remarkable woman. In our day she would have developed more amply, but perhaps she would have been less happy. Her journals are full of interesting points, though I have not pilfered her plums for my own cake.

Y. Y.

COSIMO DE' MEDICI.*

There have been great statesmen who have been the embodiment of a policy and a system of government; and popular opinion is apt to think there have been none who have been great for quite other reasons. But the life of Cosimo de' Medici, rightly told—and Miss Ewart's estimate of the man is a highly intelligent one—directly contradicts this general view. The Florentine was a statesman by reason of his personality. He had an instinctive policy, but no politics, and no opinions, save on philosophy, worth mentioning. A great part of this monograph on him and his rule is taken up with the complicated relations between the principal Italian states between 1435 and 1464. Cosimo played a leading part; but in the midst of the tangle you see him only a wily, prudent, watchful man—no statesman whose system could be reduced to theory and form a school. And because there are no broad general principles governing his work in foreign affairs, while there are an infinite number of facts to be related in connection with the rivalries, the alliances, the conquests of Venice, Florence, Milan, and Naples, Miss Ewart's chapters relating to that period and subject must not be looked to for entertainment. There is a great deal of romance in the stories of the Sforzas, of the Visconti, and of René of Anjou; but she is not writing picturesque history. She has made a fairly clear path for her readers through a confused time; and that is enough.

MISS K. DOROTHEA EWART.

It is in Cosimo's domestic government that we look to see his policy more defined by principle. He was something of a thinker; he was much attracted by speculative thought. But here again we can see, and this time it is more evident, that his policy was little more than the prudence of the man who understands the management of his neighbours. He knew that he had not built up a state on a theory; he knew his power was based on his personality. Hence, perhaps, his lament, "I am sure that in fifty years' time nothing will remain of my rule except the buildings which I have accomplished." But he hardly realised how great his personal influence was. His quiet strength consolidated Florence, gave it breathing and growing space. Florence did the rest, for the Medici and itself.

How much acquired skill, how much craft, and how much natural bent dictated his conduct to his fellow-citizens it is impossible to say. Perhaps Miss Ewart errs, with others, in emphasising the definite policy of his prudence. There is little

* "Cosimo de' Medici." By K. Dorothea Ewart. Foreign Statesmen. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

reason to doubt that when Cosimo spent lavishly on the Republic and lived himself in modest citizen circumstances, he was following his own private instincts rather than acting in vigorous consistency with a general plan of disguising his power. No one, however, can deny that general plan. His position was a strange anomaly. If you examine his prerogatives, they were few and moderate; yet he was nearly absolute in fact. His respect to the forms of liberty, his cool, slow manners and methods, never suggested the tyrant at any point, and it was difficult to attack tyranny that was invisible. Even his unscrupulous and apparently impolitic mulcting of his enemies by taxes and loans, was justified by its general success. Indeed, he nearly always succeeded, because he understood his material, which was his own race. The Florentines of his age were no stupid mob to be easily cheated. They were impressed by pageants, but not to be fooled by play-acting or by declamation. "Dress in red and don't talk," he said to someone who wished to appear important. It was his own plan. He guarded the dignity of the Republic, but he uttered no patriotic froth. He played the part of the citizen well, because he was a genuine citizen—even while he was using and flattering and managing his fellows. That was all the secret of his statesmanship, a knowledge of men and a real unity of aim with those around and under him. But it was enough, with his material, to build up a liberal and magnificent and enlightened state, which only Athens has ever rivalled.

SVERRISSAGA.*

The noise of waves, the rumour of sudden marchings, the clash of swords, the hoarse cries of broken or victorious men, proud words of kings, mournful laments; of these is the music which sounds down "the grey Alleys" in the Sagas of our Scandinavian kin. Few of us, and surely none who have the Norland blood in the veins, can read Heimskringla or any of the Icelandic or Norse sagas without a stirred pulse. Peoples born by the sea, and bred to the call of wind and wave, never get the sea-salt out of their minds even when they become inlanders. The tales of mariners, arctic explorers, unconscious poets of the great unwritten Whaling Saga, seafaring adventurers, to day, as of old, charm us. It is because we recapture older threads in the tissue of which we are woven that to us the Sagas so greatly appeal: that we read of Hakon and Sigurd and Magnus and Sverri, and all their heroic, kingly clan and race, with that ceaseless personal interest with which children of our race—inlanders of Canada or Australia, read of Drake and Raleigh, Frobisher and Grenville, Nelson and Collingwood, Franklin and Peary and Nansen.

It is good reading. There is not one of the Sagas in which the elemental forces and the old heroic virtues do not stand out. The right triumphs, or still achieves in noble failure: the wrong is in the end defeated, or ignobly gains what it cannot hold. The swift pulse, the stout heart, the dauntless spirit, these are the supreme comrades in peace or war. Loyalty, chivalry, magnanimity are the cherished foils to the inevitable underplay of what is savage and brutal then as now. Kinglihood, in the noble individual sense, is revealed as an ideal. Withal, they are as human as human records can be. Men and women love, hate, think poorly and act poorly, and think bravely and act bravely, live and die nobly or ignobly. It is all the world seen in essentials in a sagaman's tale.

Of these old heroic sagas, little save what is collectively known as Heimskringla is familiar to English readers. Students of early Scandinavian literature have long wished for an authentic English translation of the saga or chronicles of that remarkable king Sverri, which was first set forth (it is said, under Sverri's direction) by the Abbot Karl Jonnson, of the famous Benedictine Monastery of Thingeyri in the north of Iceland. Heimskringla overlaps Sverrissaga, for though the earlier sagas were composed earlier in the twelfth century (Abbot Karl himself died in 1213, having outlived King Sverri by eleven years), Snorri's splendid saga of St. Olaf (his masterpiece) must, as Mr. Sephton indicates, be later than Sverrissaga, for at the time when Abbot Karl was at King Sverri's court in Norway Snorri was only seven years old. The last saga in Heimskringla, that of Magnus Erlingsson, is probably intentionally an introduction to Sverrissaga, and certainly written subsequently—as Mr. Sephton says, "purposely made to end where the latter begins."

It would interest specialists only to recapitulate the valuable details given by Mr. Sephton concerning the four ancient MSS. containing the Sverrissaga fairly complete, which are known to scholars. The present wholly admirable rendering—as satisfactory to the student as delightful to all who care for strong, nervous Saxon English—follows the Fornmanna text as a basis, but constant use has been made of the second and third sources, the Flateyiar-bok or "Flatey book" and the Eirspennill ("Brass clasp"), especially the Flatey-book.

It would be difficult to overpraise this admirable rendering by Mr. Sephton, now admittedly one of our ablest Icelandic scholars, and author of the translation of the long and imposing saga of King Olaf Tryggwason, the famous king who ruled all Norway from A.D. 995 to A.D. 1000.

In its simple and pleasant binding and its fine and bold type on good paper, with its introduction and full index and appendical maps, the book is one of which all concerned may well be proud.

To the general reader, the chief interest will be in the revelation of one of the most striking figures of history. Sverri's career was a remarkable one indeed, from the time when his mother Gunnhild, just before his birth, had a most strange and fantastic vision, till his leaving Norway at the age of five for the paternal home in the Faroe Isles; from his early vicissitudes and training there, till, despite his unruly ways, he was ordained priest; his strange premonitory dream of himself as a gigantic bird which overlay Norway, "so large that its beak reached the boundaries of the land in the east, and the feathers of its tail as far north as the dwellings of the Finns, while its wings covered the whole country"; the inexplicable departure of his mother Gunnhild for Rome "in the far South," whilst her eldest son Sverri remained with his father Unas Kambari, and wondered impatiently what life was to bring him, now he was a man and in his twenty-fourth year; Gunnhild's confession to the Pope that Sverri was no son of Unas Kambari, but of the long dead Norse king, Sigurd Haraldsson, and her subsequent revealing of this secret to Sverri; the young man's dreams and visions, all so strangely controlled to one end, as they seem to us; his landing in Norway, and ceaseless strange and romantic adventures ever after, from his fantastic election as king at the hands of a disordered rabble, with whom he marched into the Vik at the head of three-and-a-half-hundred men (in the Saga, the hundred is invariably the long hundred, 120), till the day when after endless vicissitudes and much fierce fighting he defeated King Magnus in open battle on the fields of Ila, and again in the ensuing year (1181), at the stirring and sanguinary sea battle of Nordness, till that last great fight of the sea-kings at Norafiord where King Magnus, the great and worthy descendant of Sigurd Jorsala-Fari, found a fitting grave in the blood-stained fiord. This was in June 1184, and since 1177, when he gained his first important victory at Nidaros, Sverri's life was one of continuous fighting, marching, attacking, retreating, or sweeping or fleeing across the home-seas in war-worn galleys. After the death of Magnus, Sverri became ruler of all Norway, and so was his bird-dream fulfilled. But from this date 1185, till in 1202 his mortal sickness came upon him as he lay in the aft-castle of his war-ship off Bergen (his actual death happening at his Castle of Bergen, characteristically amid strange dreams and visions) it was in truth a stormy kingship. We know from other sources that Sverri was a wise, strong, and beneficent ruler, and that he achieved great good for his turbulent peoples; but in Abbot Karl's saga of his kingly friend we learn little save of endless conflict by land and sea, revolts, reprisals, and the unresting sword. There is a note of a great weariness in his last words. But what a kingly death was his, though he did not die in battle, or upon the wild fiords he loved. The Pope had put a ban upon him, cursing him in body and soul, but the strong Norseman recked nothing for himself because of it. The superstitious thought he would die in fear and trembling, and that his body would reveal the signs of the Papal curse, since he had not died a deserted man on a lost field. But before extreme unction was administered to him he demanded to be lifted from his couch and set on the high-seat, "where I will abide, come better, come worse, and if I die here in the high seat, my friends standing around me, the death and the story of it will be other than Bishop Nikolas Arnason will expect, for he said that I should be smitten down like an ox,

* "Sverrissaga." The Saga of King Sverri of Norway. Translated by J. Sephton, M.A. (Northern Library. Vol. IV. 15s. D. Nutt)

and be food for hound and raven." When he felt the death-cold on his limbs he bade his folk to leave him uncovered, so that both friends and foes might satisfy themselves as to whether or not he bore any marks of the ban—for if so, he added, he should not then be able to conceal them. After his death all bore testimony that they had never seen a fairer corpse. Friends and enemies alike declared that no man like Sverri had appeared in Norway in their time. "Here ends now the Saga of Sverri, King of Norway."

Sverri in some respects suggests a Norse Cuchulain. If he has not the heroic mould, the semi-divine grandeur of the greatest of the Gael, he too is wise and brave beyond most men, fulfils a heroic destiny, and from birth to death is companioned by dreams and visions.

FIONA MACLEOD.

PROOFS AND DRAFTS OF COLERIDGE.*

This pretty little book comes almost as a voice from the grave, not so much from Coleridge's as from that of the excellent man and indefatigable inquirer who, in retrieving its contents from oblivion, has helped to perpetuate his own name. It is, indeed, but a little thing in comparison with the editorial and biographical services rendered to Coleridge by Mr. Dykes Campbell in his lifetime, but is nevertheless a record of his diligence which will be prized by all who knew and valued him. Nor are the contents uninteresting as Coleridgean curiosities, or useless to future editors. They consist of a reprint of proof-sheets of a portion of the poems published in 1796, and of the Ode to the Departing Year, with MS. interlineations; and of "The Dark Ladie," "The Stripling's War Song," and "Lewti," from MSS. in the British Museum. The version of "The Dark Ladie," the original form of the poem commonly known as "Love," is earlier than the first version published, and contains one entirely new stanza of singular beauty:—

> While Fancy, like the midnight torch
> That bends and rises in the wind,
> Lit up with wild and broken lights
> The tumult of her mind.

Exquisite as this is, we still think that Coleridge did well to expunge it, for the same reason, we doubt not, as that which dictated the omission of a lovely stanza in Gray's Elegy. The digression from the main theme of the poem would have been too long.

The proof-sheets, now in the possession of Mr. R. A. Potts, make no such addition to the poetry of our language, but teem with curiosities. One would hardly have thought that Coleridge could have been on the point of enriching the language with such vocables as "unshuddered" and "unaghasted," or that he would have let such misprints as "mana" and "guadia" pass in the first proof; or that he would have turned over the correction of a paragraph of unaccented French to Cottle. His corrections are in general improvements; and the number of poets' proof sheets rescued from destruction is sufficiently small to justify the pains taken for the preservation of these by Mr. Campbell, as well as the care of the editor upon whom his mantle has fallen, Mr. W. Hale White.

RICHARD GARNETT.

CHARACTERISTICS.†

Dr. Weir Mitchell is one of the most many-sided of living men of letters. He has written historical romance, essays and verse on most miscellaneous subjects; besides works on his own special department of the healing art. Literature, science, history, and social subjects have interested him, and if his various complexioned mind had not produced a book something of the order of "Characteristics," it would have been both a wonder and a pity. It contains the essence of his life experience. His observations and opinions are not shoved in without arrangement. The book is rather a garden in which he has planted with grace his tenderest, or his rarest, or his most curious plants. There is enough of a story in it to give it interest for such as are not attracted by disjointed thoughts and suggestions. Besides, the story form helps him towards one of his main purposes, the separate portraiture of a group of kindly, intelligent persons, both men and women. In their recorded intercourse, in their exchange of thoughts and experiences, human character and conduct are the chief theme. A physician, who is a specialist in morbid tendencies; a poet-sculptor; a scholar of brawny mind and muscles; a man of keen intelligence and sensibility, with two women, form the group. Their conversation never goes beyond a moderate depth. They tend towards refinement rather than profundity or subtlety. But they are so genial and well-bred that we mingle in their talk with a sense of pleasure and privilege.

Grace is the prevailing feature, and therefore it is not surprising that manner and manners should again and again come up for discussion. Tests of good manners are offered, such as the "capacity to listen agreeably," the "capacity to submit to an obligation with graciousness," the "power to oblige with grace," and so on—which lead to one of the company saying, "It is the complexities of life which annoy us. The man who gives with joyous simplicity gives, as we all should give, for his own sake. The simply imaginative, kindly man expects to do his own thankfulness. 'The Lord assisteth the simple.' It is self-analysis which breeds annoyance. I was walking in the Tyrol years ago, and found a charming wayside fountain over which the giver had set the words—I can translate them roughly—

> 'Ye who drink,
> Pause and think.'

An old Englishman who came up as I contemplated the inscription said to me, 'That man had bad manners.'" And the discussion of the speaker's own manners is worth quoting: "'It is the manner of his manners which makes him so charming. Many men have good manners; few men have manner.' 'Too fine for me, that,' cried Clayborne. 'What is manner?' 'The grain of the wood under the polish,' returned St. Clair. 'The modification which character gives to manners,' said I."

Of the many other subjects touched on, poetry, criticism, love, duty, of the strange cases of conduct related of the studies of morbidity analysed, we cannot give a complete idea. We can only say, in recommending it, that on every page there is a pleasant, never too forcible, stimulus to thinking or dreaming, that Dr. Weir Mitchell gives us for a time a chance of sitting in good and charming company, and hardly as audience only, for we hear ourselves joining in, and having even courteous listeners.

SA'DI'S ROSE GARDEN.*

Sir Edwin Arnold is a scholar in many Eastern tongues, an accomplished poet, and master of a prose at once easy and cultivated. The selection which he has now made from Sa'di cannot fail to find a welcome among those who feel, as a growing number certainly do, an interest in the Persian literature and religion. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since Messrs. Eastwick and Ross translated the "Gulistan"; and Professor Platt's literal version is ten years old. Sir Edwin does not mention the text which he has followed. It is, however, an excellent one, and I believe students will not often be dissatisfied with his renderings. The "Rose Garden" presents no special difficulties either in form or significance; it is a charming commonplace book, flowing along in prose and verse, without any definite course, or much of a design, but full of good sense, persuasiveness, and humanity. For the deep things of Sufi wisdom we must look elsewhere. If, as Sir Edwin observes, Shaikh Sa'di was the Horace and the Marco Polo of the Persians,—a great traveller like the Venetian, a pleasant man of the world like the Roman,—it cannot be said that he represents the mystic lore which has made others of his nation illustrious, such as Jelal el Rumi, with any peculiar insight or prophetic inspiration. His "Rose Garden" is a didactic treatise, enlivened by anecdote and ever and anon breaking out into verse, on subjects as various as "The Manners of Kings," "The Ways of Dervishes," "The Excellence of

* "Coleridge's Poems." A facsimile reproduction of the proofs and MSS. of some of the Poems. Edited by the late James Dykes Campbell, with preface and notes by W. Hale White. 6s. (Constable and Co.)

† "Characteristics." By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. Sixth Edition. 6s. (Macmillan.)

* "The Gulistan of Shaikh Sa'di." The First Four "Gateways." Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E. pp. xvi., 221. 3s. 6d. (London: Thomas Burleigh.)

Moderation," "The Benefits of Silence," "Love and Youth," and so on. There is something in all this which puts us in mind of Heine's "Reisebilder." Here we read the first four chapters in a melodious and taking English, but without note or comment. Perhaps we may suggest that in a new edition there should be given an index of proper names, a slight glossary explaining the Sufi terms employed by Sa'di, and marks of quotation to indicate verses from the Koran where the text alludes to them. The book is daintily printed. WILLIAM BARRY.

A STUDY OF ST. LOUIS.*

A bright and readable volume, equal to the best in this novel series of "Lives of the Saints." It is very French as regards style and conception; from which, as might be expected, it follows that to give a good English rendering is no holiday task. We observe some slight blemishes. There was no need to be quite so literal. But the chief value, and it is considerable, of these pages will be found in the anecdotes, so vivid, quaint, and characteristic, which bring before us a group of mediæval persons like St. Louis, Queen Blanche, Queen Margaret, and the delightful old gossip, le Sieur de Joinville. In his modest introduction, M. Sepet disclaims all intention of writing a Life, properly so-called. He refers us for the order of events and their details to M. Wailly, M. Bergier, and others, including M. Charles Langlois. "We have thought it better," he says, "to make a study of the character and sanctity of this great Christian and king, under the different aspects of his private and public life." The effect is "a series of historic pictures in stained glass," magnificent living colours, striking attitudes, a deep sense of something saintly and adventurous, and an air of romance which fills the eyes with sunshine. There will be no agreement in principle between M. Sepet and many of his English readers; but it is impossible not to be charmed with St. Louis, exasperated with his devout, self-regarding mother, sorry for Queen Margaret, and on the best of terms with Joinville; from the latter, indeed, much more citation would have given the book a popularity such as, in any case, it deserves. We must not think to get any very large or profound view of mediæval politics in a work which is meant for spiritual reading. The least satisfactory chapter is that which deals with Charles of Anjou, the French Conquest of Naples, and Pope Clement IV. But, taken as a whole, the book is worthy of its subject and an addition to heroic biography.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOSEPH PRESTWICH.†

The science of stratigraphical geology is essentially British in its origin, and owes to British workers, Hutton, William Smith, Lyell, and Murchison, its early progress and development. Among those who have succeeded these early pioneers, no man has done more for the advancement of this department than the veteran geologist who is the subject of this biography. It has fallen to the lot of few men to enjoy over sixty years of active working life in pursuit of one science, but with Prestwich his working period may be said to have stretched from 1828 to 1895. His first paper, that on the Coalfield of Coalbrookdale, was published in 1834; his last on "Nature and Art," in the *Geological Magazine* for 1895. He came of a respectable family of considerable antiquity, and had none of the early struggles with poverty which have been the lot of so many scientific workers. He was, therefore, able to direct the studies of his early youth towards those sciences which had fascinated him even in his boyhood.

Although for over forty years he was engaged in commerce, yet he never was so deeply engrossed by his city occupation as to prevent him devoting his evenings and his frequent periods of travel to geological work. The records of these researches in the field, continued until he had passed his eightieth year, are so voluminous and varied, and the amount of work they represent is so great, that the reader feels quite overpowered by their enumeration, and almost every second page in the history of his life from his twentieth to his eightieth year contains the title of one or more published memoirs, some of which were of considerable size. The deposits of the south-east of England; the English water-bearing strata; the continuity of English and Continental beds, the succession of the Tertiary strata were especially the subjects of his researches, and to him we owe a very large part of our knowledge on these subjects.

His name, however, will be particularly connected in the history of geology with two subjects of more than geological interest, the Antiquity of Man, and the traces of the Post-Tertiary Submergence of Europe. In the earliest days of the former controversy, he was among the first to recognise the real nature of the worked flints of the valley of the Somme as of human manufacture; and while the antiquity of man was a heresy held by few, even of the more advanced geologists, Prestwich was led by his knowledge of the stratigraphical characters of the gravel beds of Amiens and Abbeville to the belief that man must have inhabited northern France in the remote period during which these deposits were being formed. It was his researches which forced geologists, both in England and France, to recognise that these ancient finds by M. Boucher de Perthes were genuine palæolithic remains, and, at a later date, his studies of the high level plateaux of the S.E. of England demonstrated the fact of the genuineness of the implements of rude manufacture found on them.

Researches on the other subject occupied his attention for many years, and their results were published in a large monograph in the Philosophical Transactions in 1893. This paper, entitled Evidences of a Submergence of Western Europe and the Mediterranean Coasts at the close of the Glacial or Post-Glacial Period, was intended to prove that a great sea wave had passed over this large area since man had appeared in these lands. In the course of these observations it flashed upon him that here were distinct and irrefragable testimonies to the occurrence of a short but extensive deluge, like that of Noah, but to avoid prejudice he omitted all mention of the biblical flood in his paper. One who reads between the lines can, however, see that this was in his mind. The paper is a monument of immense personal labour in the field as well as of exhaustive acquaintance with the literature of the local geology of western Europe.

With a generosity worthy of its ancient traditions, the authorities of the University of Oxford offered to him unsought the Professorship of Geology in 1874. He was then sixty-two years of age, but in the thirteen years during which he occupied the chair he more than justified their foresight in appointing him. Even when in the increasing weakness of advancing age he became unable to follow the practical study of his favourite pursuit in the field, he preserved his keen interest in the progress of the science, and almost on his death-bed, in 1895, he began to write a paper on "Some Local Freshwater Deposits in the S.E. of England." He died at his country house at Shoreham on June 23, 1896, a few months after he had been designated to the honour of a knighthood. His illness, however, prevented his appearing before the Queen to have the dignity formally conferred.

The memory of Prestwich is deserving of special honour for his thoroughgoing opposition to the theory of uniformitarianism, at one time so widely held among British geologists, and as one who kept true to his faith as a devout and earnest Christian throughout his long life.

His biographer has executed very well her labour of love, falling only into the usual though pardonable fault of inserting too many letters; nearly one half of these might have been omitted without diminishing the completeness of the story of his life and work. The book is well produced, and the photographs by which it is illustrated are excellent.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

WOMEN AND ECONOMICS.*

The "woman movement" has travelled far from Mary Wollstonecraft. Even John Stuart Mill is no longer its complete spokesman. Its promoters have been much influenced by the progress of democracy and socialism; and

* "St. Louis." By Marius Sepet. With a Preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. pp. xiii., 233. 3s. (London: Duckworth and Co., 1899)

† "The Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwich, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S." Written by his Wife. pp. 444. 21s. (London: Blackwood, 1899.)

* "Women and Economics." A Study of the Economic Relations between Men and Women as a Factor in Social Evolution. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. 6s. (Putnams.)

if they still make the old demands, they pioneer on so many new roads, that their friends of twenty years ago would not recognise the cause at all. The later movement has been written on largely; books, newspapers, and articles are devoted to it; but adverse critics have said that they are flabbier, much less able, than the manifestoes of the earlier struggle, and even some of the friends of the cause have owned the criticisms to be correct. Here, however, is a book that whether we look on its teaching as wholesome or as dangerous, we are bound to acknowledge to be of exceptional ability. It is the book of a woman of a clear and of a trained intellect, and of great courage. As such it demands attention, and very likely will get it, of a hostile kind, from many quarters. It is a revolutionary book; that is, it emphasises the causes and results of

From Photo by] MRS. C. P. STETSON. *[Elliott & Fry.*

a revolution which Mrs. Stetson declares is already practically accomplished, however few persons may realise that it has seriously begun.

In a scientific spirit she acknowledges that the normal condition of women in historic times has been in obedience to a law long useful to the social state and to the care of the race. Sex was emphasised in woman for good social reasons, and man maintained her in return. The sexuo-economical position has been completely outgrown, she asserts; and its recent consequences have been evil for the individual and the race. By woman being over-sexed, the development of the race has been hindered. Further, she declares, we have developed enough for some of us to feel we have got beyond taking for granted that woman's economic profit must come through sex-attraction. A sordid, unnatural state of things has been reached. Women now wait to choose their mates, and yet they must not. "When her wealth is made to come through the same channels as her love, she is forbidden to ask for it by her own sex nature and by business honour."

It should be noted that the book is not an attack on men's tyranny over women. If it be an indictment, it is an indictment against women—with an explanation of how they have fallen short in their duties to society. Man's instinct is, she says, to produce, to express himself. Women have been forbidden to produce save in one way. Maintenance is provided irrespective of the quality of their production, and they have therefore become incapable of performing even the functions allotted to them. It is men who have contrived improvements in the clothing and food, in the amusement and the education of the child. Motherhood has been forced on her, but she has been mostly an amateur mother. The woman of the lower classes is a drudge, and in her unskilled way makes her own living and partly that of her household by domestic work. The woman of the upper classes receives without giving anything adequate in return, and women as non-productive consumers have been an evil influence in society.

Single women by thousands now are economically independent. Mrs. Stetson desires marriage to be no bar to the same condition. The present state of things is unsatisfactory. Whether drudges or drones, women as mothers, for lack of training, are amateurs. For nursery education they may have talent. Give them a choice, and see. Also heighten the standard of the care of children enormously by making it a desirable and honourable and specialist career. Give babies a chance of professional care, and of not too much individual attention. (Now we hear the deep mutter of revolt.) Economic independence must alter home-life, to some extent break up home life, as we understand it. Oh yes; she wishes it so. The prevailing discontent with home among the young she thinks but a natural thing. "A family unity which is only bound together with a table-cloth is of questionable value," she thinks. Again, "The kind of care in which our lives are spent, the things that wear and worry us, are things that should have been outgrown long, long ago, if the human race had advanced evenly." Home should be a place of meeting for such as love to be companions, a breeding ground of virtues and capacities, a place of rest and stimulus for the mind and the feelings. But each member of a home wants a great deal that the limited group of persons and interests in a home cannot supply.

Mrs. Stetson is too wise to describe in detail how economic independence will come about in individual cases. She knows how to choose a career compatible with marriage, ideally conceived, herself; and trusts other women can do the same. They will make experiments and mistakes, and benefit by them. She does not propose to establish forcing houses for the women "with the aspirations of an affectionate guinea-pig." Neither does she urge any women fanatically to choose careers. What she does is to recognise that a changed state of things has come about, that dependence is irksome now to many women, and not useful to society; that nobody in particular brought about the change, and that it is troublesome enough. But there it is; make the best of it. She has presented her case with admirable clearness and force, and with a wealth of illustration which shows a ready, a vivid mind. If you are in the mood to argue, however, she gives you openings. Surely it would not be so impossible as she thinks to regulate in some fashion the present transition state, whereby the work a woman does in the household, or as a social helper of her husband, should be more openly acknowledged than it is at present, as giving her a claim to economic independence. Then we think that she exaggerates somewhat the present cry for freedom of individuality. Men and women are sheep now only less than they have always been. And such an observation as this, that "it is not so easy now to choose a book that a well-educated family of modern girls and their mother would all enjoy together," does not apply to England, at least. But, in general, she speaks for our young people as well as for young America; and if she does something to make our homes in general a little less sordid, a little less foolishly indulgent, and a little less boring, she will have earned the hearty thanks of youth.

A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE IN JAPAN.*

I have not often opened a more delightful book of travel than Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan." The two hundred and fifty illustrations are also admirably chosen, though they are not always quite well enough reproduced. The head-pieces and tail-pieces, the oddments of illustration, if one may use such an expression, are delightfully Japanese, but they are not introduced with quite the daintiness that a Japanese would demand. I have stated these objections at the beginning of my review, because I have no others to urge. It must necessarily be classed as a book of travel, but it is really something better. It might, perhaps, be called a

* "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. 36s. (Hutchinson.)

book of foreign residence. Mrs Fraser lived in Japan for some years. Her late husband was the British Minister to the Court of Japan before Sir E. M. Satow. She had, therefore, the entrée to everything that a foreigner is admitted to see in Japan, and she noted nearly everything she saw with sweet womanly sympathy and a woman's observant eye. She is moderate when she is on debatable ground, though sometimes she feels impelled to speak out strongly, which is generally the case when she is discussing the undiplomatic behaviour of Englishmen, from Royal princes down to English merchants. That the Yokohama merchant has sometimes been aggressively English is not to be denied, but on the other hand, it is not to be denied that our Ministers in Japan have sometimes eschewed the Yokohama English as if they were lepers, though until the Cairo-Japanese war created a new state of affairs in the far East, the only *raison d'être* of our Minister in Japan was our having large merchant communities there.

Mrs. Fraser's book is largely based on letters which she wrote while she was living in Japan. There is a great advantage in using old letters when one is writing a book of this kind, because those which are written during the first part of one's residence in a new country convey impressions much more clearly than those which are written when the conditions of the new country seem ordinary (though when Mrs. Fraser first went to Japan such extraordinary things as the sexes bathing together naked, and one's being drawn by riksha boys almost naked, were ordinary enough). On the other hand, the letters written during the later part of one's residence are naturally distinguished by a deeper knowledge and feeling.

Mrs. Fraser, who is a sister of the celebrated novelist, Marion Crawford, writes charmingly when she is engaged upon such a labour of love as a description of her dear Japan. None of her daily experiences seemed common or trivial to her. Perhaps in this matter her South Italian training stood her in good stead. Writing to relations still in Italy, it was natural that she should dwell on the things which constitute so much of the charm of both countries. In Japan, as in Italy, the masses are very poor and very simple, gentlemen—and artists—by nature, made cheerful and patient by spending the larger half of their year in a brilliant and exhilarating climate. Both are accustomed to venerable and exquisitely beautiful public buildings, small as well as large; both have picturesque religions very comforting to the poor. In both countries one's servants are apt to become one's friends, owing to the charm of their dispositions and their natural good taste. In both the common articles of domestic use among the poor are wonderfully elegant Therefore every charm in the home life of the humble Japanese told with double effect on Mrs. Fraser's receptive mind. She was writing from the Italy of the East to the Italy of Rome. I have read no book on Japan which conveyed the charm of everyday life in Japan like this.

At the same time I have read no book which, when it is on the subject, explains more clearly the nature of the Government of Japan, or what the Soshi and the Samurai, the Regent Families, and other classes, who are constantly mentioned in any book which deals exhaustively with Japan, exactly are. She shows what a great part the principal clans, such as the Choshiu and Satsuma, still have in the Government of Japan. At the same time she describes such things as the Boys' and Girls' festivals, Japanese theatres, and Japanese temples, with a picturesqueness and terseness combined which her brother could not have excelled. Yet she makes one very curious slip for a woman who has been brought up in literary surroundings all her life; she calls Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the artist whose explorations and sufferings in Tibet have made him one of the most celebrated of modern travellers—Walter S. Landor. Even if Walter Savage Landor had lived to be one hundred and twenty instead of ninety, he was an author of European reputation and not an artist, and Walter S. Landor is a clumsy and inelegant way of expressing his name. She tells very prettily how Mr. "Walter S." Landor painted the Japanese Countess Kuroda in her house in 1889.

She gives a wonderfully complete picture of picturesque Japan in the last years before the war with China. It is minute, it is sympathetic, it is brilliant; no one else has done it so well. She also, having the best information at her disposal, tells the story of the attempt on the life of the Cesarevich, the great earthquake, and other conspicuous events which happened in Japan when her husband was British Minister there.

To read Mrs. Fraser's book takes me right back to Japan. Her writing on Japan has a great deal of the charm of the late John Addington Symonds's writing on Italy. She writes like an artist, not a kodaker.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

MAJOR HUME'S HISTORY OF SPAIN.*

This book flatters two of our prepossessions; first for Major Hume, whom from the first we hailed as an able, learned, and entertaining historian; and secondly for the Cambridge series inaugurated by Mr. Rose's excellent review of the Napoleonic Era. But it has somewhat disappointed us, especially in its plan. The nominal period covered is from 1479 to 1788. But that down to 1558 is treated by another hand, and really starts in 1491; for Mr. Armstrong's hundred pages of Introduction give only some good general reflections on Ferdinand and Isabella, and then pursue the history of Charles I. at length. We might urge that though Spain was not a Great Power till the Union, its greatness was the result of, and cannot be understood apart from the greatness of its separate kingdoms, and that the Union marks, not the beginning, but the close of all that was greatest and best in both Christians and Moors—in national character, in patriotism, in religion, in constitutional government, in the arts (save that of portraiture) and manufactures, and in much else, excluding of course commerce and literature. But let that pass. Mr. Hume repeats the title, "Greatness and Decay," before his section of the book, which begins with his favourite period, the reign of Philip II. Well, Philip's empire no doubt looked imposing, but surely its decay had begun with his first years. What remains is more exasperating. Mr. Hume closes in 1788. So, forsooth, after the long Decline comes the final Fall in 1788. He contradicts himself. What was 1788? The date of the death of Charles III. Already he has pointed, under Ferdinand VI., the previous king, to the recuperation of Spain, "the tenacity of the Iberian race," the "comparative prosperity," the growth of toleration, the immense "intellectual advance." In his last chapter he shows (and, I think, almost exaggerates) the vast revival and progress caused by the twenty-seven years' rule of "the only good, great, and patriotic" modern ruler of Spain. A sixth had been added to the population, a tenth to the revenue nominally, practically much more. "With a strong and wise successor Spain might have continued"—mark the word—"happy, prosperous, and powerful." And so he leaves Spain in 1788, decayed, fallen, dead, yet happy, prosperous, and powerful! He has told us that his purpose is didactic—to prove that certain causes (among which he places first foreign possessions) lead inevitably to national ruin; he ends by proving that they do not. It is all very well to call this in his Preface a "fallacious resuscitation." He flatly contradicts that view in the sentence quoted above, and at once goes on to assign a distinct, practical cause for the reaction, thus—"But Charles IV. was too weak to wield the sceptre of his great father," etc. And so in a dozen lines he huddles up the scene—the whole century of the second and more serious decline and fall, which ends in the disasters of 1898. We have allusions to favourites—"a generous, sound-hearted people, purified and strengthened by suffering, arose in their might and claimed the rights, etc."—"but it came too late"—"evils too deeply rooted"—"paper constitutions"—and he concludes thus: "Betrayed again and again by unworthy rulers, made the plaything of military and political adventurers, unhappy Spain was forced into the revolutionary career which it has followed almost uninterruptedly for the last ninety years." No, a dozen lines are not enough. Mr. Hume stops at the beginning of the fifth act, when the didactic element is about to assert itself. He seems of late to lean more towards democracy, and is perhaps afraid to touch the Ark. So I will. Since all the plagues of Spain which he and others enumerate, left her in 1788 "happy, prosperous, and powerful," surely some Tenth Plague has appeared since to achieve her ruin. What is it? Simply the French, and their canting Revolution quackery. The patient has been brought very low, but there is still hope. A fearless surgeon, one or two operations, a course of steel, and then good nursing, spare diet, with quiet and exercise, and she may yet outlive the quack patentees, who have lately, against the rules of the profession, been greedily consuming their own nostrums.

There are a few other general points on which we should

* "Spain: Its Greatness and Decay (1479-1788)." By Martin A. S. Hume. Cambridge Historical Series. 6s. (Cambridge University Press)

differ with Mr. Hume's conclusions, and we have dwelt on the most important, because of his detailed narrative there is nothing to be said but praise. It is sufficiently clear and minute, and of course, like everything he writes, interesting. He has given most prominence to the economic and financial history, a vital subject on which clear information has hitherto not been easily accessible. Y. Y.

EARLY MOUNTAINEERS.*

This is a book not merely for the lover of altitudes and the athletic enthusiast whose delight it is to put peaks "in his pocket," but also, and even more, a book for the lover of quaint corners of literature and curiosities of illustration. The weird monsters—flying serpents and the like—encountered by these mediæval climbers; the extraordinary landscapes they designed—for assuredly Nature never made any such; the ancient portraits framed in Latin mottoes, which they treasured;—from these Mr. Gribble has collected illustrations which of themselves would make any book interesting. And the letterpress only confirms and adds to our pleasure. Mr. Gribble has, to a great extent, allowed the mountaineers to speak for themselves, and has gathered from out of his stores of reading a number of extracts, delightful in themselves and run together with such bright humour that the book is as full of entertainment as it is of information.

MR. FRANCIS GRIBBLE.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

At the outset Mr. Gribble professes to set great value on completeness, and proves it by beginning with Noah's ascent of Ararat, though, as he justly points out, "it was accomplished in a combination of circumstances which is exceedingly unlikely to recur," and, therefore, can be disposed of in a sentence. Petrarch is treated more generously in the matter of space, though he has hardly a greater claim on our consideration than the patriarch, since a man who climbed one mountain once, and that an easy one, scarcely deserves to be called a mountaineer. Yet for the sake of his exquisite descriptive letter (given here in Mr. Reeves' translation) we do not grudge him a chapter to himself.

It is not until we come to Professor Conrad Gesner, that the "one man, one mountain" rule begins to find its exceptions. "Most learned Avenius," Gesner wrote to his friend in 1543, "I have resolved for the future, so long as God suffers me to live, to climb mountains, . . . partly for the study of botany, and partly for the delight of the mind and the proper exercise of the body." After Gesner, mountaineering seems to have begun to develop into a science, and to have been regarded as a pursuit, and not merely a prank. Simler inaugurated snowcraft, Scheuchzer attempted to explain glaciers, and eventually Jacques Balmat conquered Mont Blanc, Ramond de Carbonnière the Pyrenees, and Oragio Delfico the Apennines. These names (except that immortalised by Dumas) and many others as important in the annals of mountaineering are known, it may be, only to a few, but surely Mr. Gribble has extended their fame. For it is not necessary to be an experienced mountaineer in order to appreciate this most charming book. The stay-at-home traveller will find a rare pleasure in it. Its piquant flavour will gratify his literary taste, while in imagination he enjoys a holiday among the hills. For merely to read the book is to feel something of the buoyant uplift of the mountain air.

ESSAYS IN MODERNITY.†

"Modernity" is an ugly word, and it stands for a crude and clumsy and chaotic thing. It does not mean the theory of the new forces that are to shape the coming age. It means rather the consciousness that new forces are about, that the odds are with their being beneficent, that at any rate they are very interesting. So long as the bias towards modernity is modified by even an occasional exercise of judgment, it is wholesome, as wholesome and refreshing as callow, vigorous youth, and as blundering. The essays in this book are rightly named. They were written by a man of great talent, who was keenly conscious of the new forces, and who was a stout fighter against old schools and old fogeys. Before his regretted death he was beginning to show signs of mature thought, and of a sense that the problems of the world were deeper and harder than fighting youth can ever guess. His papers did not all deserve reprinting, and even the best deserve hearty castigation. Mr. Adams had some of the elements of a critic in him. He was a lover of truth in no conventional sense of the word. His culture was fairly wide. His ideals were high and generous. Names did not frighten him. He never mistook popular favourites for the prophets of the coming day. But he had some handicapping limitations for a critic of literature. Life in the actual world, imperfect and crude, interested him more than life nearer an ideal expression in letters—which explains why his remarks on the visionary poet are merely foolish. His opinions on social questions affected his opinions on literature not only unduly, but crabbedly. This is quite forgiveable, of course, but ruinous to fair judgment. He pardons a writer for being nothing save an artist, but woe be unto him if he try to be an active humanitarian as well, and fail in the attempt. Keats he thought sensible for keeping out of the coil of the world. But on Shelley's vague efforts at regeneration he pours infinite scorn. Jeanne d'Arc is his model of the serious visionary sincerely concerned with the affairs of the world. But what did the military tacticians of her own day—not of ours—think of her? And he is entirely and very far wrong in denying the practical influence of Shelley in reforms. The poet's own fingers were fumbling, perhaps, but he has armed a thousand hands. The truth is, Mr. Adams disliked nothing so much as those things he had done with himself, that were no longer inspirations to him. And this is the secret of a vast deal of the adverse criticism in the world. The essay on Tennyson, if one omits the impudence and the bad taste, amounts to nothing more than that the late laureate was not a profound thinker. Perhaps it was not superfluous to say so, for the general mind, to whom Tennyson presented just as hard problems as it was fit for, thought he was very deep. But the attack should have been directed to the general. It is not true to say Tennyson made bids for popularity. He spoke with his magic tongue, sincerely, out of his serious, limited, and very conventional mind. And it is not merely a fault against taste the critic commits, but a stupid blunder in psychology, and in the instinctive understanding of inspiration, when he attacks Arthur Hallam for not being literally, and to the world, all that he was spiritually to a loving friend. Mr. Kipling is placed only a little lower than most persons with a sound literary sense have by this time placed him; but the details of the judgment are not very careful. Mr. Adams was perfectly right in denouncing Mr. Swinburne's lack of mastery over style, and, indeed, it is not his standing up to the big ones that is offensive. His attempt to measure them was quite honest, and sometimes respectful. But the regret that this is a posthumous volume is made more poignant by the retention of such impertinences as calling Blake "the inspired Cockney," and Godwin "the most sordid of mediocrities." These are not even suggestive exaggerations.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK.*

Expository literature has in our day grown to such plethoric dimensions that each fresh contribution to it is looked upon with suspicion not unmingled with dread. But it is notorious that while superabundant attention has been paid to some parts of the New Testament, the Gospel which is now considered to be in a sense the foundation stone of the whole has been strangely neglected. Dr. Swete is quite justified in saying that "no monograph has yet appeared which makes full use of the materials at the disposal of the expositor." This can no longer be said. Everything which can be gathered from any department of Biblical learning for the ascertainment and understanding of the text is here brought together. The Introduction is full without being tedious. The personal history of

* "The Early Mountaineers." By Francis Gribble. 21s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† "Essays in Modernity. Criticisms and Dialogues." By Francis Adams. 5s. (Lane.)

* "The Gospel according to St. Mark." The Greek Text, with Introduction, Notes, and Indices by Henry Barclay Swete, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. 15s. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

the Author of the Gospel, its reception in the Early Church, its date, its peculiarities; an excellent summary of its teaching regarding the person and work of our Lord, a very complete account of the alternative endings of the Gospel, and a judicious bibliography form a compact and informative introduction. Dr. Swete thinks it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the closing verses of the Gospel belong to another work, whether that of Aristion, as Mr. Conybeare suggests, or of some unknown writer of the first century. The relation of the second gospel to the other synoptics Dr. Swete does not consider himself called upon to determine, and refers his readers to an article on the Gospels by Professor Stanton in Hastings' "Bible Dictionary." Reaching the body of the Commentary we find it in form very similar to the familiar volumes of Lightfoot and Westcott, the Greek text occupying the top of the page with a double column of notes below. As might have been expected from Dr. Swete's previous studies, considerable attention is paid to the fixing of the text. He uses indeed a slightly amended Westcott and Hort's text, but underneath it he prints a selected list of authorities, which is a great convenience. So far as regards the determining of the meaning of the words the notes are of first-rate excellence. Nothing more can be desired. They are constantly illustrated from the Septuagint and the Hebrew of the Old Testament, from the Armenian, Syriac, Vulgate, and English versions. The exact scholarship and training of Dr. Swete are here put at the service of the ordinary student. Trifling slips occur, as at the foot of p. xli., the tenth line from the bottom of p. 6, etc., but even these are rare, and everywhere one finds evidence of independence and knowledge. There is little quotation from other commentaries, and no one will complain of being introduced to Victor of Antioch. The one direction in which some disappointment may be felt with Dr. Swete's most valuable work is what may be called the Christological. He does not exhibit the connection of each incident with the development of the life. Nay, he does not even show us the meaning of such incidents as the Baptism or the Transfiguration, and he speaks of the Gadarene demoniac as if possession were a familiar phenomenon, and as if Huxley had never written. This arises no doubt from the deliberate opinion which Dr. Swete has formed as to the scope of his work. Still, there will be disappointment that this is his opinion. He has furnished us with a rich store of incontrovertible facts, which will remain always an indispensable foundation for the study of the Gospel; and to grumble because he has not also given us the impulse which would have been derived from the expression of his opinion on points closely touching faith, is perhaps ungrateful. MARCUS DODS.

JASPAR TRISTRAM.*

We have here a very remarkable character-study, remarkable in its truth to life and in its tireless patience. Is the subject of this painstaking analysis worth all the work spent on him? will be asked by many. That the work is good will be felt as sufficient answer by the rest; and only to such as are interested in the honest dissecting of a human soul, whatever its quality, will the book appeal. It is mainly the history of a schoolboy. At the end he has entered the door of manhood, known love and its disappointments, but always he is immature, and mostly a cub, though not of the ordinary kind. The book is a study of acute morbidity. The boy's morbidity is not uncommon; only in its intensity, its duration is it rare. We see him a boy of ambitions, mentally gifted, with a fierce yearning for regard, affection, admiration; capable of heroism, long endurance, very emotional, quietly but intensely hysterical. The one overpowering feature of his nature is self-consciousness. He watches himself, watches his effect on others, analyses his feelings, his experiences; broods, agonises, sulks, hides his pain and longing under a proud and cynical exterior. Every now and again he attains, by mental effort, to leadership, but his success never lasts. His comrades know by instinct that he is queer, an alien. Popularity is quite impossible to boy or man of his temperament—a common one nevertheless. In contrast to him we are given the type of the successful, the facile charmer, the darling of fortune, who toils not nor spins, who makes no effort after pleasing or after goodness, and is ever the centre of an admiring crowd.

Mr. Clarke has not drawn a type, however, but an individual, and his variations are not such as make his hero Tristram more attractive. He has given him the ordinary faults of youth, snobbery, for instance, and added to them a bitterness, a cynicism by no means an invariable result of such failures and disappointments as his. A difficult, an unpleasant youth, when all is said. Mr. Clarke details the circumstances of his bringing up and education with the utmost care. He does not make these an apology or explanation for his hero. But a reader does. Not only is Tristram an unloved boy in his guardian's house, where it is nobody's business to understand him, to interest him, to draw out of him what of good there is in abundant possibility; but the story is also, intentionally or not, a strong indictment of our school system. The temperament described is not unusual. The picture of school life is not much exaggerated. At its best the life is calculated to draw out the strong barbaric qualities. Tristram's good and bad are not barbaric. His powers have no open field. They work underground and grow diseased. With a powerful mind and an active, skilful body, he should grow into a free, capable, thinking man. Yet you see him cramped by old conventions, by stupid traditions, by stupider ideals, and since he is not strong, but weak, and eager for the sympathy of his fellows, he adopts these traditions and ideals with exaggerated fervour, and only earns misery in consequence, since for him they are a misfit. The same thing happens in the world, of course; but schools are meant to prepare a better world. However, as we have said, Mr. Clarke judges no one but Tristram; he makes no inferences, suggests no revolutions. His task has been slow, patient, accurate analysis, and, within a narrow range, he has shown himself extremely capable.

* "Jaspar Tristram." A Story. By A. W. Clarke. 6s. (Heinemann.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE PATRONESS. By G. M. George. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss George has several outstanding qualities, sufficient in themselves to give her work a certain unquestionable value. She knows how to plan out a story, and she knows how to realise her characters. She has, too, an observant eye for human nature, especially in her own sex.

We point out these excellences the more definitely, because in "The Patroness" Miss George unfortunately does herself scant justice at the beginning. The introductory conversation between Margaret Llewelyn and Mrs. Watkins must, we fear, repel any fastidious reader. The phraseology shows a lack of refinement strangely inappropriate to the splendid girl and true woman the young "patroness" is to yet prove herself. And to admit the truth, we are near the end of the book before Margaret learns to express herself with propriety. But the first, and worst, chapter being past, the writer shows her real power. She is a Welsh Churchwoman, and loyal to the communion of her fathers. Nonconformity shows but poorly in her hands. She lays her scene in a Welsh country district where hearing sermons has become a popular form of dissipation, and morality is regarded merely as a troublesome tenet of the State Church. Margaret, the young patroness, finds herself, by her father's sudden death, with the living on her hands, and gives it to the man she admires and believes in rather than to the insolent young adventurer whose eloquence has made him the popular favourite, and who had even won the heart of her own father. The vulgar misconstructions put upon her choice of a young and unmarried vicar she of course ignores, and she gladly accepts his friendship. Then follows a series of insults and persecutions by the unscrupulous rival, Isaac Morris, until at last, utterly beaten down by his overbearing impertinence, she allows herself, in mere feminine weakness, to take refuge in a lie. Out of this falsehood grows the tragedy of the book. After a woman's morbid fashion she lets the consciousness of

"G M. GEORGE."

it spoil her life and make a barrier between her and her friend—her lover as he would have been if she had not hardened herself against him and repelled him with her inexplicable moods of coldness and reserve.

It is this extreme sense of her own unworthiness that strikes us as the best bit of characterisation in the book. In one view it represents the recoil of a proud and sensitive and essentially true woman against the evil by which she feels herself degraded. And in another view it represents the strain of weakness in a nature in the main strong and earnest, but intensely feminine. It leads her to assume that Tudor, when he knows her fault, can love her no longer; to flee from him to a kind of self-inflicted penance among the London slums; and, worst and yet most inevitable of all, to humiliate herself before her persecutor and expose herself to the further insult of his mock magnanimity. In the utter physical collapse which follows, the story has its true dramatic ending. The rest is the mere gathering up of threads into the graceful colophon of a true lover's knot. Yet we would advise Miss George not to be over-eager after the perfect close. The reconciliation of Margaret and Tudor we accept willingly as our right. After all, characters in a novel are above the minor irritations which are apt to stand sorely in the way of reconciliations in real life. But even in a novel we cannot accept the reformation of Isaac Morris. Miss George has convinced us that he had not the making of even a tolerable man in him. It is our compliment to her that our indignation and contempt have been hot against him through seven and twenty chapters. She must permit us to despise him in the twenty eighth, for she has realised him only too well.

RAGGED LADY. By W. D. Howells. 6s. (Harpers.)

Mr. Howells is always on the most delightfully sympathetic terms with his characters. He is like his own Lord Lioncourt, "so easy in his place." He assumes not the slightest responsibility for them, but simply tells what happened to a set of pleasant people he chanced to know, and tells it in a style instinct with cheerful humour. There is not a hint that he, personally, had the slightest influence in shaping the events, much less the characters he describes, and that is just what makes his books so marvellously lifelike and gives them their unique attraction. He is particularly successful with women, chiefly because he is content to describe without attempting to explain. He understands them, as a man may, objectively, and knows better than to attempt classifications or generalisations. As he did with Pen Lapham and the enthusiast Imogene, so he does now with Ragged Lady. She takes her own sweet way, loving where her heart leads, and immolating herself, as a woman will, on the altar of a mistaken idea. She is a poor girl from a cottage in the woods, by times a "help" in a country hotel. But Mrs. Lauder, the most vulgar and "impossible" of rich old ladies, discovers and adopts her and takes her to Europe to have a good time. She has it, as far as a pretty

MR. W. D. HOWELLS.

girl may in a world where men are present to complicate existence, and passes by the brilliant and strong among her lovers to marry an honest fellow with a kind heart and a mortal disease. She is simple, natural, unspoiled to the end, not an oppressively perfect creature, but subject to variations of temper, to unreasonable moods, and to little feminine vanities. But, through all, she accepts her woman's heritage of patient service and unforgetting, faithful love. The story never halts and never hurries. It ambles cheerily on, among lovable human folk, with honest blood in their veins and a wholesome outlook upon life. Gregory, Mrs. Milray, and the rest are good company. The hours spent in their society are both profitable and entertaining.

A MONK OF CRUTA. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
From Photo by Burton, Leicester.

In his own line of mystery and sensation Mr. Oppenheim has done nothing better than this. The story opens with an intensely dramatic scene, and passes from stage to stage with increasing interest. The irresistible fascination of the beautiful dancer who subjugates even the lofty resolution of her guardian, Paul de Vaux, supplies the romance of the tale, as Martin de Vaux's secret supplies its mystery. The secret is well kept, and the end has its own set of surprises. Altogether the book is an achievement at which the author may well be gratified.

THE PERILS OF JOSEPHINE. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Josephine is a delightfully unconventional heroine; and her perils, as told by herself, are even more so. She has been brought up by two maiden aunts of the "Cranford" type in a country village, and from this restricted life is suddenly flung into that of an ancestral home, with aristocratic, if somewhat eccentric, relations to flatter and dress her, and to wile and plot for her marriage with the apparent heir of all. But Josephine, deaf to all persuasion, and singularly blind to most other things in this world, spends the greater part of her time in the branches of an old tree in the ancestral forest, and allows her relations to plot and conspire to their hearts' content. True, she has some small conspiracies of her own to occupy her; for she is not the only person up that tree. And when finally fire and murder and the fear of sudden death rouse her to a consideration of her relations and their unpleasant habits as a matter worthy of attention, she discovers—what the reader has known long ago—that estate and wealth are in reality all hers without the painful necessity of marrying the ancestral cousin. The story is told with much spirit, and holds our attention to the end.

HEART'S DESIRE. By Vanda Wathen-Bartlett. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a strong and simple story, lightly and brilliantly told. The desires of Mrs. Glannock's heart are left unsatisfied by the devotion of her husband, the homage of all men, and the envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness of most women; but they unfortunately fix themselves upon the personality of a Mr. Beauvigne, who is presented to Mrs. Glannock in a London ball-room, and speaks of the Chinese question and other things. Exiled to the luxurious monotony of her country home, she dreams of him all spring, and meets him again in summer. The story harps almost wholly on these two persons, their meetings and partings, and the light and brilliant talk which froths over the strong passions beneath. It is the old tune, which can be played on three notes, and yet, by reason of its delayed resolutions, admits of infinite possibility. The heroine, though to the mood of commonplace she may seem an uncomfortable, restless, and self-centred woman, is of course all the more charming as a study of character. She plays with edged tools till she is weary and wounded; but she lays them down, and resumes a safer occupation. And her renunciation is characteristic: "'There is not even the consolation of a fight with principle,' she reflected bitterly; 'it is but a hopeless bowing to the inevitable—of course I shall stick to Norman; I cannot help myself, I am so cursedly strong.'" The strength wavers, the strength rallies; and at the end of the story "one is not even allowed the sanctity of a private sorrow in this unsatisfying world! One is ever

haunted by the sneaking knowledge that Time must eventually soften it!"

THE MAGIC OF THE DESERT. By W. Smith-Williams. (Blackwood.)

It is fair to say at the outset that the name is unsuited to the book. "The Magic of the Desert" is not a Bedouin romance, but this will not deter people from reading a clever and interesting novel. With such good points, it is difficult to understand the lack of sequences in its construction, and the amorphous character of its plot. It is a story which might have been written from notes and jottings taken at various times, and too carelessly strung together. It opens amid modern English society; and the characters of "Aunt Julia," the pretty and inconsequent and altogether charming wife of an elderly husband, and of Charlie Rowley, her nephew in-law, the spokesman of the story, are so pleasantly drawn, that one is inclined to predict success for a more purely society novel from the author's pen. But Charlie Rowley and the author grow tired of England and its homelier duties; and the scene changes when Charlie leaves Cambridge. "I do so dislike University boys," Aunt Julia explains; ". . . they are so free and easy, and talk only about themselves, and colleges, and lectures, and things, and laugh at jokes no one can understand, and wear such extraordinary clothes, and put their arms on the table. They are so *pert*. Now, soldier boys are so different." So Charlie finds himself a soldier boy; and his uniform comes home in a japanned tin case. But "Aunt Julia" decrees further that he should go on a visit to the newly appointed Governor of South West Australia; and from this point the story follows the adventures of Charlie and his friend Dick Travers, one of the A.D.C.s. Dick loves Lady Rosamund, the Governor's sister; but Lady Rosamund considers that the chief thing about a man is what he believes; and Dick's creed is vague. So he is cut adrift, and Charlie joins him. The descriptions of Australian life from Government House point of view, of the fever-stricken Rio de Janeiro, and finally the war in the Republic of Andina in which the two young men become involved, are all excellent. Each part of the book is indeed good in its way. But what different ways! What has Aunt Julia to do with South America, or Lady Rosamund to say to Donna Inez? This story, like the proverbial sailor, proceeds from clime to clime, finds a new heroine in every chapter, and never puts back to the ports which are left behind.

THAT FORTUNE. By Charles Dudley Warner, author of "The Golden House," "A Little Journey in the World," etc. (London and New York: Harper Brothers.)

Mr. Dudley Warner has given us another story of American character and manners in American town and country. His hero is an interesting young man who studies law, love, and letters, and makes his success in at least two out of the three; and his heroine is a yet more interesting young lady, who, having suffered all the penalties of prospective millions, including the prospective impecunious Englishman, finds herself, at the end of the story, happy and penniless, in the arms of her literary lover. The novel is one of those carefully constructed and carefully written books which remind us in these impressionist days that such a thing as literary etching is still extant. Nothing can be more delightful than the character of the old Scottish governess, with its contradictory inheritances of the romantic and the shrewd, and the tender heart under the uncompromising exterior. This is a story of everyday life; and its people are all doubtless everyday occurrences on the other side; but none the less has its author given us a fresh and delightful creation.

FROM THE BROAD ACRES. "Stories illustrative of Rural Life in Yorkshire." By J. S. Fletcher. (Grant Richards)

Short though they are, there is that kind of strength in Mr. Fletcher's collection of stories "From the Broad Acres" which comes with the bare delineation of things in Heaven and Earth "and all that in them is." We have begun many romances with a knock at a cottage door in a remote district on a dark and stormy evening; but "The Advent of Julia Ann" is distinctly original, and in its way perhaps the best thing in the book. "The Man from Ballykippas" tells of a time almost forgotten, before these days of reaping machines; when women found still something to glean in the fields, and a young lad from Ireland would trudge into Yorkshire for the harvesting, all rags and dust, and "with his golden hair sticking out of the holes in his cap." "For Pieces of Silver"—pieces taken by a woman for the sale of a child at her breast, and laid again on the altar before which the child has knelt a bride—is another powerful silhouetting of the elementary passions. We would recommend Mr. Fletcher's little volume as well worthy of perusal.

ALONG THE ROAD. By E. Constance. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This will certainly be called an uncomfortable story. At no stage of it can you feel safe about the fortunes and prospects of the heroine. In that respect it resembles much actual life. It is quite obviously written as a protest against the very general feeling of contentment with the hard lot of other people. The protest is wholesome and quite justified. We are glad Miss Constance has made it, and hope her book may disturb

"E. CONSTANCE."

many a smug reader. Her heroine, Ella, is a girl whose lines have fallen on rather difficult places, and she happens to have a love for good and pretty things, and an instinctive desire after brightness. Her desire for luxury is not at all inordinate, and her self-respect is abundant. She is not an audacious rebel, nor does she whine when things are adverse. But she looks her life in the face, and while bearing it bravely enough, refuses to sentimentalise over it. She is a governess, and though she is successful and popular with children, she prefers the company of grown up folks. When she says this, or owns to enjoying her holidays away from children, her few friends are scandalised, as they are at all the frank criticisms and the free opinions of one who ought to be resigned to the position in which Providence placed her. Beggars should not be choosers, they say. She is a chooser, only limited in her powers. The Miss Rushtons, those prosperous old maids, who are shocked at Ella's want of sentiment, as they call it, and in the midst of their own comfort, are nervous lest the penniless young girl should encroach on them, are inimitably drawn. Ella's marriage is also a *faute de mieux*. She regards it so with her cold, clear eyes. We leave her thinking she will make the best of it, but that she will never call ugly things by pretty names.

MR. PASSINGHAM. By Thomas Cobb. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

There is ample opportunity for melodrama in "Mr. Passingham." But Mr. Cobb rejects melodrama. There is material for tragedy. The situation treated is practically the same as that in "For Conscience' Sake," one of the most melancholy of Mr. Hardy's "Life's Little Ironies." But Mr. Cobb rejects tragedy too. Thus he deliberately destroys the main chances of popular effect and of serious interest as well. But something can be said for his chilly, cynical treatment of the theme. Mr. Passingham's personality, such as it is, stands out the more prominently. Mr. Passingham had a past. After many years he meets his past, in the shape of a still beautiful woman, with a daughter, his daughter. He meets them in strange circumstances, where he is expected to work against their happiness. He is a cold-blooded, selfish egotist, but clever and decorous; and he manages to extricate himself and them from the situation in such a way that no fuss, no scandal, and perhaps little lasting harm come of it. He marries his past—no hardship, by the way—and the world does not know the inner history of the alliance. His unrecognised daughter had been despised as a possible wife for the son of his friend, Lady

Dewhurst; but as his step-daughter she is looked on as a good *partie*. Thus, by dint of a large measure of cynicism, a placid, happy ending is arrived at.

WANTED—A HERO. By Jenner Tayler. 6s. (Unwin.)

We are almost inclined to think the general workmanship and the detail of this book too good for its central motive. In quarrel and fight one schoolboy thinks he has killed another, who is knocked insensible. He flees, ships as a common sailor, and finds his way to Africa. A newspaper bill noting a murder helps specially to scare him and confirm his belief. He does not buy that newspaper. In all the years that follow he never doubts his fatal deed. The only man to whom he confesses the story, and who does look up the newspapers of the time and town, reads a vague report which to most persons would not seem to be connected with his friend's case at all. Yet he never doubts of the tragedy either. He comes back to find it was all a mistake, and that the boy he had accidentally killed, as he thought, is now a very respectable minor canon. Some of the best years of his life have been spent in vain remorse, in a vain exile, during part of which he has been captive among the savage Morolongs. His sufferings are somewhat unnecessary. But the workmanship, the detail, the characterisation, are good, high above the average. The personality of Father Noel, the sympathetic enthusiast, and victim to one fatal weakness, is at least powerfully suggested, while the members of the Rossmore expedition, no saints, but all gallant-hearted Englishmen, game to the death, will live in a reader's memory. Mr. Tayler understands the romance, the perilous, the evil, the unconquerable fascination of Africa, and has put not a little of it into his story.

MR. JENNER TAYLER.

ESPIRITU SANTO. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. 6s. (Harper.)

We hope we do no harm to Miss Skinner's book in calling it a "nice story." The epithet is not a popular one just now, we are aware, but when nothing else fits, what is one to do? The writer, an American, is interested, one gathers, in all the arts, and has lived a great deal on the continent of Europe. She regards musicians, and especially opera singers, with much motherly sentiment; and really under her wing the most timid and the most innocent may keep them company. There never was such an amiable book as this that recounts the love story of Espiritu Santo—the name by which the heroine was handicapped through life—and the angelic being Teodoro. In their lives they never did more harm than Dresden china figures, and their death beds were edifying. It is all beautiful and elevating, but it clogs. It should be taken about the age of eighteen, before the taste for molasses—and culture gives way to stronger appetites.

A STRANGE EXECUTOR. By Bennett Coll. 6s. (Pearson.)

Mr. Coll has told his story in an eccentric fashion. It is more odd than interesting, but the oddness has an interest of its own. Told in a straightforward fashion the tale would sound artificial, even improbable. The hero, who has been absent from England for many years, finds an acquaintance dead in an Australian shanty. This acquaintance had once saved his life, and had also, he imagines, once cruelly wronged him. He finds it convenient to take the dead man's name; he sails home; meets his own daughter, whose existence he did not know of, on board ship; saves her life; and lands in England quite accidentally among people who are intimately connected with his own past and very complicated history. A queer coil has to be unravelled. Coincidences happen both to help and to further tangle the situation. But the Earl who has been taking his place during his long absence, dies conveniently, and you see the mysterious colonist at last, reinstated in his title and estates, and even reunited to his wife, whom he has not seen for twenty years. The artificiality of the story, so very obviously a "make-up," is cleverly veiled, or your attention is distracted from it, by the wayward style, and by the abundance of comic personages and incidents. The whole fully displayed would irritate; but the detail is sufficiently amusing as well as confusing.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MARQUISE. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has written one of the most successful of the dialogue books. She keeps our interest alive in a number of worldly folks, who paint their own characters very vividly in the things they say and refrain from saying. The Marquise, the Dean, Lady Moon, and Jenny are all well-defined and very entertaining personalities. The cynical note is forced a little, forced just enough to give us the comfortable feeling it is not sincere. There is a great deal of real gaiety and of good-humoured observation of foibles, and it is these, and not the superficial cynicism, that give the character to this amusing book.

A BIT OF WOOL. By E. Boyd-Bayly. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

There is good work in the three stories in this volume. The material is very simple; indeed, it is of the kind that is used again and again for Sunday-school fiction. But it is handled with such uncommon refinement, and lighted by such broad human sympathy, that we instinctively judge the stories by high standards. Artistically, the first, a tale of life in a Devonshire fishing village, is much the best. The second, "Happy Ever After," is too long drawn out. Miss Mary Wilkins would recognise the three elderly women in it as subjects fit for her hand. She would cut out two-thirds of it, but would appreciate the true humour and pathos of the rest.

A SEMI-DETACHED MARRIAGE. By Arabella Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Kenealy is to be congratulated upon a really excellent novel. To an original plot she has added bright dialogue and a charming heroine. Comic relief is given by the irascible Lady Bellasis, a termagant who must have been a half cousin of Lady Catherine in "Pride and Prejudice." The only criticism we have to make is that the dialogue is too uniformly smart. Almost all the characters talk with the same wit, and their conversation tends occasionally to be monotonously brilliant. This fault, pardonable enough in itself, is more than counterbalanced by the winsomeness of the heroine and the excellent portrait of the blasé cynic, Latimer Coyle. The *dénouement* is one of the happy coincidences which always occur in fiction and never out of it. But it is at least possible, and Miss Kenealy shows much ingenuity in preparing the way for it. "A Semi-Detached Marriage" is decidedly a brilliant book with hardly a dull page.

From Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY.

THE SHORT LINE WAR. By Merwin-Webster. 6s. (The Macmillan Co.)

Out of a sharp business fight Mr. Merwin-Webster produces a romance. The material is very gritty indeed, and

the writer spares you little of the detail of a hard struggle between two firms, each intent on seizing a railway. Perhaps only a reader accustomed to thread his way through commercial transactions in exciting times will appreciate to the full Mr. Webster's cleverness and his vigorous presentation of what business warfare may mean in a new country, with desperate men, brain outwitting brain, every faculty of mind and body brought into requisition, scruples never over fine-drawn. But the rest will realise a sense of vigour, of rush, of a perpetual hazard of fortunes. And the heroine, one of the newer kind, with a good brain as well as a good heart, is no shadow. She does her part in the war as well as in the love story, and raises the tale of bitter and rather sordid strife to a level more to the liking of romantic readers.

MR. MIGGS. By Alexander Stuart. 2s. 6d. (Low.)

Mr. Dooley has been too successful not to have imitators. Indeed, there is no reason why he should not have them. The public will be grateful to anybody, be his name what it may, who will amuse them as Mr. Dooley has done. And on the whole Mr. Miggs does so—the more readily that his subjects are nearer home. Lord Rosebery and the *Daily Chronicle*, County Councils and the Gladstone Emblem, are subjects everybody can take an interest in, while undoubtedly Mr. Miggs' reflections on "the intri-gew of life" contain a good deal of quaint wisdom, not to say shrewd sarcasm. "If a man don't happen to have a pigsty in his garden, and accordingly builds one there, he's Progressive, ain't he? which means that he's got to buy a pig, or prove hisself a fool. And then, if he can't afford to buy a pig, he says to his neighbour, 'You must help me to buy a pig. For why? Because I'm Progressive, and have built a pigsty.'" All the same Mr. Miggs is Progressive and a Social Democrat, and expresses himself suggestively, if not always so lucidly as might be, on most public questions. The book is amusing, studded with good things, and just what is wanted for a lazy day or a wet day in the holidays.

MR. ALEXANDER STUART.

LIKE ANOTHER HELEN. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This purports to be a series of letters written by "a Young Lady of Virtue and Sensibility, resident at BENGALL during the years 1755-57, . . . written to a Friend of her own Sex, and carefully preserved by the Lady to whom they were addressed." They are excellent letters, and the whole picture of eighteenth century society and manners, and of the state of affairs in India when Clive was the man of the hour, is masterly.

Miss Sophia Freyne is the "young lady of Virtue and Sensibility" who "like another Helen finds another Troy." She went to India to join her father, became the toast of Calcutta society, survived the Black Hole, was taken prisoner by the Sinzaun, and was finally delivered by the stratagem of Mr. Fraser, the dignified gentleman on whom she had bestowed her affections. A provokingly dignified gentleman this Mr. Fraser, and deserving of much severer punishment than he received for his unworthy attempts to save his own feelings at the expense of those of his "charmer." But he was the choice of "the incomparable Mrs. Sylvia Freyne," and rivals and critics must be silent. The author has realised her characters and period with wonderful skill. Her language has a delightful quaintness, and the dignified, courtly manners of the time are shown in a light at once charming and amusing. The book is an excellent and solid piece of work. It represents, we should think, much painstaking study, and the result is eminently successful.

SOME UNOFFENDING PRISONERS. By John Fulford. 6s. (Jar. old.)

Frankly, we do not understand the main motive of this book, which, nevertheless, has much interested us. It may be an indictment of life, or of life at the present time, during the struggle of the old with the new. It may have no particular motive at all, but be only a picture of the coil of warring circumstances. It is tragic, but not just strongly enough presented to escape the criticism that its bitter end is a little wantonly sad. Yet, as we have said, the book is interesting, and has great promise in it. Two young women and a weak young literary man are the chief actors. The weak young man the writer takes too seriously, but we can well imagine he would have been singularly attractive to both girls, to the bright, frank, emancipated, and somewhat unimaginative Doris, and to the amiable, old-fashioned Dolly, to whom his mere social superiority was alluring. Doris is a young woman who has married a narrow, rigid, disagreeable parson, whom she leaves in order to develop her "individuality." She is very much interested in that individuality, and no matter whether it be worth a great deal or not, it is a very healthy interest. Doris is extremely, but also delightfully, young, and her pleasure at being her own mistress in London, at making her own friends, writing her own thoughts for publishers, with no severer duenna about her than an indulgent old Irish servant, must please or at least amuse all save Mrs. Grundy and the prigs. And the writer is sensible enough to recognise her youthful shortcomings, that she is sometimes conceited and impertinent, as young persons of spirit are apt to be. But Dolly is far better presented. The girl with narrow interests and no aspirations for freedom, who is only sweet-natured and domestic, who hates earning her own living and longs for a marriage where she will be always, openly, consciously, the inferior, is capitally drawn, without contempt or caricature either. And even Lawrence appears real when he is attracted by her gentle weakness, yet unwilling to accept the stupidity. The promise we see in John Fulford's first book does not point only in the direction of fiction. There is evidence of an openmindedness and of a general capability, which may express itself in one literary form with as much probability as in another. For instance, there are the elements of a good critic in her—a minor quality, perhaps, but a quality. Whether she is speaking out of her own mind, and whether she is speaking the whole truth, at least she is speaking forcibly and judicially in what she says of a great realist: "Zola represents to me what I must call, for want of a better term, the peasant order of intellect. A peasant not only knows what a spade should be called, but how it should be used, and is in his proper place when turning up the earth. He is also an animal who looks upon mankind as animals, and, when intelligent and educated, expresses himself by means of materialistic formulas and theories. Fill this peasant with the dull and joyless spirit that finds its supreme satisfaction—or ideal—in work, work, work, and you get—what is advertised as a realistic novel."

THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN ESTATE. By Robert Thynne. New Edition. 6s. (John Long.)

Mr. Thynne has a close acquaintance with Ireland. Whether he has an intimate understanding of the problems connected with that difficult country, must be a matter of opinion. But he certainly reflects with great accuracy the genteeler attitude towards the Land League and the Plan of Campaign. As in his "Irish Holidays," he gives capital pictures of social life in the country; indeed, in his descriptions and his information, partial as the latter may be, he is seen at his best. The main story is of less interest, and indeed, is often dull. A partisan novel is Mr. Thynne's, but it is not fanatical, and its earnestness of purpose will commend it beyond the boundaries of the opinions it represents.

IN THE DARK. By Esmé Stuart. 6s. (John Long.)

Miss Esmé Stuart made up her mind that a mystery she would invent at any cost, and she has done it. As to the cost, well—the reader pays some of it in fatigue, vain fatigue. Laboured invention is stamped on every page of the tale, and that is its condemnation. Besides, though we are ready to believe anything, even that a present day picturesque tourist in Venice, a respectable English doctor, may be kidnapped, brought secretly to Paris, be possessed of criminal secrets, live a prisoner within sight of his lady love and the friends who are seeking him, we must be told it convincingly. We never for a moment believe in the nonsensical revolutionary plots, the treasure hunting, or anything else, though we are not very incredulous of such plots and such hunting in general. There is ability in the story, but it is wasted for lack of all appearance of spontaneity and conviction. However, readers less hard of belief should be told that, at least, the material of the story is very romantic, consisting of Venetian palaces, mysterious gondoliers, masks, attempts at murder, and an Italian maiden of ravishing beauty.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

JEPHTHAH, and Other Mysteries, Lyrical and Dramatic. By Aleister Crowley. 7s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)

The verse of Mr. Aleister Crowley hovers fitfully between poetry and fine language. In no case is it very readable, and yet we own it is impressive. Firstly, its sound is good—he is an apt student of both Swinburne and Shelley. Next, his form is far above the average. And then, too, his mind dwells habitually in lofty regions. Only something is wanted—less vagueness, more conciseness, more power of vivid suggestion—to make him a very considerable poet indeed. We do not advise him to come down from his heights. Where he does so, in the so-called "mystery," entitled "The Poem"—which is about a charming mild-mouthed young man, whose father stabs him for writing poetry, and whose lady-love dies in consequence, but first of all finishes his incomplete great poem—the result is sheer nonsense. But in "Jephthah" there are fine lines, and the poem is built on a noble conception of the central character. The song, too, descriptive of the maiden's going to her death, has true pathos in it—

> She goes, our sorrow's sacrifice,
> Our lamb, our firstling, frail and white,
> With large sweet love-illumined eyes
> Into the night, into the night.
> The throne of night shall be withdrawn;
> So moveth she toward the dawn.

Mr. Crowley is a man of ideas. He has fluency to express them. He may yet win to a more convincing and a simpler style.

"W. G." Cricketing Reminiscences and Personal Recollections. By W. G. Grace. Illustrated. 6s. (Bowden.)

It is impossible to conceive of a cricketer who can do without this book, or of a schoolboy to whom it is not an object of longing. It is a history of cricket for the last half century, a storehouse of theory and illustration, of memorable scores, of traditions, of biography, and of anecdotes. Here, in the eyes of many readers, is the record of the real heroes of England, done justice to at last. For Mr. Grace is not an egotist—not nearly enough of an egotist, many will think. He is willing to talk of his own doings and wanderings and scorings; but he remembers so much—remembers even seeing the All Englanders play in top hats—that he has to treat his own feats as incidents on a very crowded stage. While there is plenty of gossip and genial talk, the book has solid value, and the compendium of the laws of cricket and the statistical history of the game make the book almost a necessary possession of every athletic club and school library. "W. G." says he doesn't like writing; but he has done a great deal with an unwilling pen to make his game even more popular than it was. Here is his testimony to his career: "A cricketer's life is a life of splendid freedom, healthy effort, endless variety, and delightful good fellowship."

PAUL, THE MAN, THE MISSIONARY, AND THE TEACHER. By Orello Cone, D.D. 10s. 6d. (Adam and Charles Black.)

By his previous publications Dr. Cone has won for himself a respectful hearing on both sides of the Atlantic. A careful and laborious scholar, if somewhat dry, and somewhat too sweeping in his criticism, he always presents the results of considerable research, and thus becomes a saver of labour on the part of less diligent students. In his present volume he has a much more popular subject than those with which he has previously dealt, and as it is produced by so eminent a firm it is likely to find its way into many hands. And it well deserves to be studied. The title indicates that it falls into three parts, but these three parts are unequal both in quantity and in quality. Happily it is the much larger third part which is also of much greater value than the others. Indeed, as an introduction or text-book to the teaching of St. Paul it is both complete and in the main satisfactory. It is written from the Unitarian point of view, but when allowance has been made for that, there is little to find fault with, and certainly Dr. Cone's account of St. Paul's teaching in regard to the Atonement is much truer than that which is sometimes given by more orthodox writers. Dr. Cone has little enthusiasm, save that of the dogged student; he does not glow and kindle, but he has the qualities of his defects and carries a dry and undistorting light with him into all obscure corners. Anyone who wishes to make a study of St. Paul will find in Dr. Cone a thoroughly intelligent and competent guide.

IDYLS OF KILLOWEN. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. 3s. 6d. (Bowden)

These secular verses of a "Soggarth" are to be followed by a companion volume—"Vespers and Compline: the Sacred Verses of a Lifetime." The present book has a genuine interest, though perhaps not especially poetical. It contains really admirable pictures of the religious and domestic life of the Irish peasantry. "The Irish Farmer's Sunday Morning" may not compare for vigour or poetry with "The Cottar's Saturday Night," but it is so genial, so true to facts—to the more amiable facts of the case—and so vivid, that whoever knows Ireland will be stirred to recognition of its merit and its charm. The same, in a slighter degree, may be said of "The Irish Children's First Communion." Father Russell leans to the brighter side of things. In his Lear rhymes on Irish writers he resents Miss Lawless's dark presentation of Ireland. And, by the way, what does he mean by calling Miss Barlow "the Gaskell of Erin," and then saying—

> Irish life with its side ills
> Shine out in her "Idylls,"
> With much of the pathos of Marlowe?

Rhyme is a dangerous suggester of criticism. And will his eminent countryman like this?—

> In matters Shakesperian, Dowden
> Is a glorified Mrs. Clark (Cowden)!

But these wanderings from his own path are not to be taken seriously.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS. By W. L. Longstaff. 2s. 6d. net. (Greening.)

The author is his own apt critic in the title he has given to his volume of verse. His book is a tangled garden, too much choked up for want of care and of gardening skill, with over many rank weeds, but with no lack of sweet-scented, rich-scented flowers as well. The plants want pruning, not to tame them so much as to thin their leaves, and strengthen their blossoms. But in his maze we have wandered with more interest than round the orderly plots of most minor poets. The right stuff is in him, and at times the right spirit. There is too much big talk of passion in his verse; but he does not always presumptuously use the name. One poem, "A Moonlight Soliloquy," in less able hands might have been mere melodrama. It describes a woman sitting by a dead man. They had been lovers, and their love had died cruelly. There is the power of real tragedy in the alternate solemnity, regret, and flippancy of the watcher. Here are some lines of it, as we think it gives Mr. Longstaff at his best—

> How the moon seems peering in:
> Shall I move away from his side?
> I used to call it "Sin"—
> The love that so soon died.
> Now I know that the sin began
> When love, as pure as the rood,
> Withered; and now this man
> Is dead, I feel it good—
> How strange!—to no more shrink
> From holding his hand in mine.
> He woke ere he died, I think,
> And remembered the red drugged wine.
> The glass stands now on the brink
> Of the table—just in a line
> With his eyes. What matters it all?
> I sit here happy—and he
> Is dead as the ash I let fall,
> Dust on my once-kissed knee.

MEMOIRS OF THE SIDNEY FAMILY. By Philip Sidney. 10s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The accident of name has tempted the author to an enterprise beyond his powers. These notices of ten members of the Sidney family are a harmless if juvenile production. Mr. Sidney's avowed aim was to present "multum in parvo." But short as are these articles about persons of whom so much has already been written, it is wonderful how little they contain, beyond commonplace verbiage and the pompous phrases which nowadays survive only in country newspapers. The new matter is confined to a few corrections of genealogical errors. We have looked through every page, and while we find the book sufficiently absurd, we are sure the author means well and has done his best, so the less said, the better. The portraits are at least interesting, and some remarks in the chapter on Lord Romney merit attention.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT—THE CANON. By William Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., Princeton Theological Seminary. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

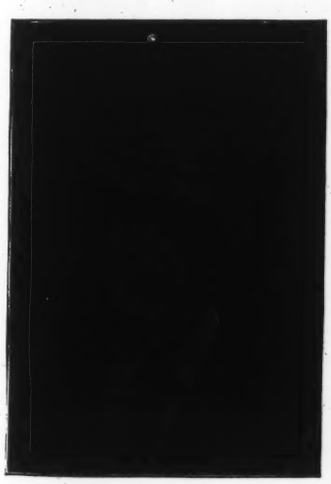
This book is faultily edited. In the preface we read, "The first topic which is considered in this volume is that of the Canon of the Old Testament." It is the "first" topic, but also the last. Again, on p. 7 we read, "General Introduction to the Old Testament, which is the subject of the present volume, is an enquiry into (1) The Collection and Extent of the Canon; (2) The history and criticism of the text." But in this volume we have nothing but the Canon. Possibly another volume will succeed this. Dr. Green is well known as a scholar who in Old Testament criticism ably represents the conservative Princeton school. His defence of the traditional positions is able, and he makes as good a fight as can be made. Here and there, too, he undoubtedly hits a weak spot in the more advanced criticism. He is, however, unnecessarily hard on the Apocrypha, which rather needs rehabilitation than further discrediting. To anyone who desires to see the strength of the conservative position in Old Testament criticism, especially as regards the Canon, Dr. Green's book may be cordially recommended.

THE APOSTLES' CREED. A SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY AND AN EXAMINATION OF ITS CONTENTS. By Theodor Zahn, Dr. and Professor of Theology at Erlangen, Hon. Litt.D., Cambridge. Translated by C. S. Burn and A. E. Burn, B.D. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Conservative criticism in Germany can still claim as its champions two of the ablest and most learned living scholars, Professors Weiss and Zahn. It is a pity so little that the latter theologian has written has found its way into English, and now that his Introduction is completed it may be expected that, large as it is, some publisher will have enterprise enough to have it translated. Meanwhile this small volume on the Apostles' Creed is very welcome, although originating in a controversy that has raged rather in Germany than among ourselves. Dr. Zahn furnishes us, first, with a succinct but sufficiently full history of the Creed, and in the second part he thoroughly examines its contents, primarily with a view of tracing back to Apostolic times the belief it formulates. One or two of the arguments advanced are more ingenious than sound, but in the main he makes good his contention that the Creed embodies apostolic belief. For anyone who wishes to understand the origin and contents of the fundamental Christian *Symbol*, Professor Zahn's book will be found an indispensable manual.

POEMS. By A. B. Miall. 5s. net. (Lane.)

There is more than talent in this volume of well-made verse. Mr. Miall has indisputably the "faculty" and something, too, of the vision. He has printed no worthless verse, and many of his lyrics are beautiful, if not memorable. Even the best may not remain individually in the mind long after their perusal, but as a whole they compel a mood compounded of thoughtful sweetness, of reasonable melancholy, and of sensitiveness to the will and way of nature, and any mood-compelling verse is rare enough. After reading the volume through we turn back with renewed admiration and sober delight to the opening piece, "The Rose with Four Petals." One petal, hope, holds the unknown and the future; another, memory, holds the past with its dusty treasures:



MR. A. B. MIALL.

> And one repenthe for what might have been,
> The bitterness, the sad imagined sweet,
> Grown dim for sick desires that throng between,
> The land of wandering lusts with weary feet.
>
> One holds the secret of all holy things
> Breathed faintly where the mountain lands are steep,
> In one eternal harmony that sings
> To all except the dead, and men that sleep.

THE CHRISTIAN CREED AND THE CREEDS OF CHRISTENDOM. Seven Lectures delivered in 1898 at Regent's Park College, London, by Samuel G. Green, B.A., D.D. 6s. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

These lectures are the second course delivered upon the Angus Foundation, the first course having been delivered by Dr. Angus himself. They are able, timely, and courageous. They provide the reader with a great deal of information in a convenient form regarding the early creeds and those of the Reformation period. They give us, what is not easily found elsewhere, a history of subscription. But the pith and marrow of his lectures consist in his protest against the imposition of creeds either on laymen or ministers. This protest is quite in keeping with the sentiment of the Baptist denomination, to which Dr. Green belongs, for this body declares that the ultimate basis of union is not a common creed, but a renewed life. Dr. Green cordially believes in the need for a well-developed theology, and is of opinion that especially in our own time is the teaching of doctrine incumbent upon the pulpit. But at the same time he believes that the interests of orthodoxy and of unanimity are best served by freedom from the imposition of a creed. This he argues in a candid, earnest, and convincing manner. It is to be hoped that Dr. Green's valuable lectures are a sign of the times, and that they are the expression of a conviction which is cherished by a steadily increasing number of churchmen, that there should be no terms of communion which are not terms of salvation, and that so long as the Church founds herself on dogmas rather than on personal allegiance to Christ, she brings herself to an *impasse* and precludes the possibility of any large or catholic union.

THE STORY OF THE WEST INDIES. By Arnold Kennedy. (Story of the Empire Series.) 1s. 6d. (H. Marshall.)

This is a very compendious, very succinct, and very usable little book. It is pure history, with a fact in every sentence and a short and sensible index at the end. The volume is of the tiniest—short of mere "Tom Thumb" eccentricity—but the type is of fair size and will try nobody's eyes. There is a practical, business-like neatness and directness about the whole style of the book that attracts us. It ought to be popular as well as useful.

DANTE'S GARDEN. By Rosemary A. Cotes. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Miss Cotes is a lover of flowers and a lover of Dante. She has found pleasure in searching the pages of her poet for references to plants and flowers, and in reading into these a meaning which, whether Dante intended it or no, is a credit to her own graceful thought. Dante's love for flowers is very evident, and Miss Cotes does not exaggerate it. The mystic Rose of the Paradiso is the very crown of his imagery—the supreme blossom of

> "il bel giardino,
> Che sotto i raggi di Christo s'infiora."

The Daisy—"la piu luculenta di quelle margherite"; the Apple-blossom—

> "Che del suo pomo gli Angeli fa ghiotti
> E perpetue nozze fa nel cielo";

the Lily—

> "Al cui odor si prese'l buon cammino";

these and many others are given. It is a charming and unpretentious little book, attractive not merely by its fascinating subject, but by its own genuine simplicity.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS, with a Critical Introduction. By George Milligan, B.D., Minister of Caputh, Perthshire. 6s. (T. and T. Clark.)

Mr. Milligan has hereditary interest and hereditary rights in the Epistle to the Hebrews. He tells us that "at the time of his father's death certain MS. notes passed into his possession, which were intended as a first rough draft of a Critical Commentary on the Epistle, and which, even in their unfinished state, have often furnished the present writer with valuable assistance in determining the general drift of an argument, or the exegesis of a particular passage." In making use of these notes Mr. Milligan has both conferred a boon upon the public and has discharged a duty of filial piety. The volume produced is worthy both of father and son. It is a work of scholarship, insight, and care. Much smaller than Riehm's "Lehrbegriff," smaller even than Menegoz' "Theologie," it devotes most of its space to the Priesthood of Christ, and strongly advocates the view that our Lord only began to exercise His Priesthood

after His entrance on the glorified state. There is a great deal of well-informed and exact exegesis in Mr. Milligan's volume, and the matter is well digested and well arranged. It will take a high place among the ever-increasing multitude of volumes devoted to the interpretation of this Epistle.

AFTER BIG GAME IN CENTRAL AFRICA. By Edouard Foà. Translated from the French, with an Introduction by Frederic Lees. 21s. (A. and C. Black.)

M. Foà's wonderful record as a big game hunter is already well known to many besides his own countrymen. He is a veritable Nimrod, and his book is simply the tale of his successes with the gun, with a preliminary chapter of useful advice regarding rifles and ammunition for the guidance of the less experienced African sportsman. If the reader have the instinct of the chase, he will enjoy it, every word; if not, he will merely wonder at those who do.

Mr. Lees has apparently not attempted to render the book into scholarly or idiomatic English. The original shines through on every page. The effect is graphic, but sometimes ungrammatical and always un-English. Indeed, it almost compels the reader, even with the English words before his eyes, to follow the narrative in French. But the facts are there, vivaciously presented, and we are witnesses of the many bold encounters with lions, elephants, and other rulers of the African forests which filled M. Foà's record bag with its five hundred head of big game.

FABLE AND SONG IN ITALY. By E. M. Clerke. 5s. (Richards.)

In the twofold object of this book the writer is very successful. She desires, to use her own words, "First, to trace out some of the influences acting on the more popular forms of Italian song; and secondly, to offer to English readers, in the shape of translated extracts, specimens of Italian poets." Boiardo and Ariosto and Boccaccio are, of course, the most prominent names. There is a specially interesting chapter on the Paladin Orlando, the Hercules of the Middle Ages, and the influence of classical legend in Italian literature. Guisto and Manzoni are the latest singers, and a clever translation is given of Manzoni's already much-translated ode "Il Cinque Maggio," which tempted Goethe and Paul Heyse and Lamartine. The translations are all clever and those from the "Orlando Innamorato" and the earlier poems are specially useful because of the difficulty the Italian presents to the modern reader. Still we think most would prefer to have the verses given in the original as well as in translation. Those who know the language would find it satisfactory and those who do not know it are scarcely likely to read the book.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. By T. C. Porter. 10s. 6d. (Pearson.)

Mr. Porter appears to be an amiable gentleman of scientific tastes and attainments. His book is very pretty, neatly tied with a red ribbon, and containing a small stereoscope cunningly tucked within the cover. With this instrument the reader may regard the numerous twin views, having first practised diligently, under Mr. Porter's detailed direction, such exercises as holding up "the forefinger of your right hand in front of your nose and about a foot away from it," and closing first one eye and then the other. Being perfect in this, he is permitted to contemplate Fig. A, which consists of a single dot in the middle of a blank sheet, when more phenomena may be expected to appear. Eventually, if diligent, he will be qualified to look at the pictures. As for the "Impressions" themselves, they are undoubtedly the most ingenuous and unaffected we have ever read. They read exactly like the letters of an intelligent, simple-minded and placidly-disposed young girl writing to a school friend,—even down to the italics. That is to say, however, that they are pleasant in a mild way. They put no great "strain on the uptak," as Scots folks would say, but there is an undoubted attractiveness in the personality to which they introduce us.

SERMONS BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. By the late Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College. Edited by Dean Fremantle. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

"If there are sermons in stones," says Jowett, "much more are there sermons in the lives of men." And elsewhere he says: "I do not think it desirable that we should always be drawing morals or seeking for edification. Of great men it may be truly said, 'that it does good only to look at them.' Out of their greatness there flows imperceptibly something to our littleness." And so this volume begins by presenting the image of "one whom this College [Balliol] and the University of Oxford may justly regard as the greatest of her sons," John Wycliffe, and carries us through Loyola, Bunyan, Baxter, Pascal and others to the latest glory of Balliol, T. H. Green. Jowett has done nothing more characteristic than these sketches. They admit of a treatment which gives ample scope for his wisdom, his profound knowledge of men, and his tolerant breadth. Such a volume should take a very high place in literature, such gems as his tribute to the mathematician Henry Smith being rare indeed. A purer enjoyment than these biographical sketches afford it would not be easy to find.

THE TRADITIONAL GAMES OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND. Collected and Annotated by Alice Bertha Gomme. Vol. 2. 12s. 6d. (Nutt.)

Mrs. Gomme has brought her very careful and important work on children's singing-games to a close. The present volume extends from "Oats and Beans" to "Would you Know," and gives, in every case, tunes, singing-rhymes, and methods of playing according to the variants extant and recorded in different parts of the kingdom. The work has no pretensions to being complete. Readers may know versions that are not noted here, but diligent search and accuracy are visible on every page. Few persons need to be told at this hour of the day how important is the subject in connection with folk-lore and anthropology. But something more than a vague knowledge of the connection between primitive history and custom and these apparently nonsense rhymes will be found in Mrs. Gomme's admirable Memoir at the end of the main work arranged on a dictionary plan. Ample acknowledgment is made by the compiler to the help given by that learned and loving gatherer of folk-lore, the Rev. Walter Gregor. His death has prevented the inclusion of foreign parallels to many of the British games, or a separate volume dealing with such.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

AYLES, H. H. B.—Destination, Date, and Authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, 5/-.....Cambridge University Press
[*The view maintained is that the epistle was written by St. Barnabas about A.D. 64 to the Church of Jerusalem. The author claims that in this he is returning to the original tradition of the Church.*]

CLIFFORD, Dr. J.—Sacerdotalism and Sunday Schools, 1d. S.S. Union
[*An effort to counteract the attempts of Roman Catholics and Anglican Romanists to secure children and train them up in Romish doctrines.*]

GILBERT, Prof. G. H.—The Students' Life of Jesus, 5/-....Macmillan

GILBERT, Prof. G. H.—The Students' Life of Paul. 5/-....Macmillan

MORRIS, H.—Delight in the Lord, 9d. .....Thynne
[*A series of devotional meditations arranged in the form of prayers. Many of the thoughts expressed are exceedingly good and helpful. The writer has aimed at meeting the needs of young people as well as old.*]

TAYLOR, Archdeacon.—The Ornaments of the Church and of the Ministers Thereof. 3d. .....Thynne
[*An outspoken and direct criticism of Ritualistic practices based on the interpretation of the Ornaments Rubric.*]

WINSLOW, Dr. O.—The Ministry of Home, 2/6 .....Thynne
[*A volume of simple and helpful expository lectures specially intended for family and private reading.*]

NEW EDITION.

MOULE, Prof. H. C. G.—The Atonement a Witness against Sacerdotalism, with Introduction and Brief Notes by the Rev. L. Bomford, M.A., 1d. .....Thynne

FICTION.

Adventures of Louis de Rougement as Told by Himself, 6/- ..Newnes
[*A reprint in volume form of this extraordinary and much discussed record.*]

BENNETT, C.—£5,000 Reward, 1/- ..... Warne
[*A brightly-told story of a diamond robbery. There are some novel and very pleasant features.*]

BLACKMORE, E.—Angels Unawares, 6/- .....Digby
[*The "angels" are titled persons in reduced circumstances. They pay little heed to anything so mundane as syntax, and the author has adopted their eccentric grammar. He (or she) would do well to learn to write English before publishing another story.*]

BOOTHBY, G.—Dr. Nikola's Experiment, 5/- .... Hodder

BOOTHBY, G.—Love Made Manifest 5/-.....Ward, Lock

BOYLE, W.—A Kish of Brogues, 2/6.....Simpkin

CLARKE, A. W.—Jaspar Tristram, 6/- ..... Heinemann
[*See p.* 167.]

CROWTHER, Dr. P.—The Travail of His Soul, 3/6.....Jarrold
[*A story of Chinese life and of missionary work in the East. The writer evidently knows his subject thoroughly, and is deeply in*

earnest. The book is a solid and careful one, but is sadly wanting in brightness.]

D'ANNUNZIO, G.—The Virgins of the Rocks (trans. by A. Hughes), 6/- Heinemann

DECLE, L.—Trooper 3809 6/-.....Heinemann

For a God Dishonoured, 6/-.....Long

FORBES, A.—A Son of Rimmon, 3/6 .....Jarrold

[*The story begins with the healing of Naaman's leprosy, and weaves a series of jealousies and intrigues round the little Israelitish maid who suggested his application to the prophet. The book is in a sensational style, and is, on the whole, fairly well written.*]

FULFORD, J.—Some Unoffending Prisoners, 6/- .....Jarrold

[*See p.* 171.]

GEORGE, G. M.—The Patroness, 6/- .....Hutchinson

[*See p.* 167.]

GLANVILLE, E.—The Inca's Treasure, 6d. .....Methuen

GOULD, Rev. S. Baring.—The Vicar of Morwenstow, 3/6....Methuen

HARRISON, K. E.—Through Unseen Paths, 6/- .....Sonnenschein

[*An attractive story revealing much genuine feeling. If it is, as it appears to be, a first effort, the writer deserves encouragement.*]

HOME, C. M.—The Sifting of the Wheat .....Art and Book Co.

[*A story of the days of Queen Elizabeth. It is specially concerned with the persecutions of the Roman Catholics, and regards history from the Roman Catholic point of view.*]

LODGE, Mrs.—The Mystery of Monkswood, 6/-.....Digby

[*Relates how a certain nobleman's first wife did not drown in shipwreck, but lived in a secret chamber in her husband's house, terrifying the inhabitants with ghostly appearances and finally murdering her successor. The characters are unreal, but the author writes in an easy if somewhat trivial fashion, and keeps one turning the pages with a kind of interest.*]

MERWIN-WEBSTER.—The Short Line War, 6/-.....Macmillan

[*See p.* 170.]

MITCHELL, Dr. S. W.—Characteristics, 6/-.....Macmillan

NELSON, H. A.—The Romance of the Greystones, 3/6....Ward, Lock

[*An Australian story in a high-flown style that we are not used to associate with the colonies. In spite of nearly half a score of love-stories, secret sins, eloquent confessions, and beautiful death-bed scenes, we have not been able to attach our mind with interest to any one page, character, or incident.*]

PHILLPOTTS, E.—The Human Boy, 6/- .....Methuen

"Punchinello," 6/ .....Bowden

RIDGE, W. PETT—A Son of the State (The Novelist, No. IV.), 6d. Methuen

RILSEY, R. V.—Men's Tragedies, 6/-.....Macmillan

ROBERTS, M.—A Sea Comedy (Express Series), 2/6.....Milne

RUSSELL, Rev. M.—Idyls of Killowen, 3/6.....Bowden

[*See p.* 172.]

SHAW, W.—Adventures of Rosalie Stuart, 6/- .....Digby

[*A story of "The Forty Five." It has a certain steady merit, but it is by no means so interesting a book as we should have expected from Mr. Shaw.*]

SPRIGHT, T. W.—The Crime in the Wood, 3/6.....Long

[*A well-told story quite up to the average of murder mysteries. The book is spoilt by its repulsively sensational cover.*]

STUART, E.—In the Dark, 6/- .....Long

[*See p.* 171.]

SWIFT, B.—Siren City, 6/- .....Methuen

TAYLER, J.—Wanted—A Hero, 6/- .....Unwin

[*See p.* 170.]

NEW EDITIONS.

DICKENS, C.—Martin Chuzzlewit, 3 vols. (Temple Edition), 4/6..Dent

FARRAR, F. W.—Eric, or Little by Little, 6d.....Black

GRAY, M.—The Silence of Dean Maitland, 6d. .....Newnes

HEWLETT, M.—The Forest Lovers, 6d. .....Macmillan

MELVILLE, G. J. WHYTE—The Gladiators, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock

SCOTT, Sir W.—Anne of Geierstein, 2 vols. (Temple Edition), 3/- Dent

SCOTT, Sir W.—Castle Dangerous and Chronicles of the Canongate, etc. (Border Ed.), 3/6.....Nimmo

THYNNE, R.—The Story of a Campaign Estate, 6/- .....Long

YONGE, C. M.—The Two Guardians, 3/6 .....Macmillan

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

DELUSCAR, H.—Deluscar's Merris and other Poems, 3/6..Gay & Bird

["*The deep, full-mouthed words of the Elizabethan days must not be looked for here,*" *the author informs us in the preface, and we arrange our expectations accordingly. Mr. Deluscar's love poems are evidently sincere, and quite creditable homage to his master Burns. His sonnets show great good sense, but are hard reading, and such a line as "Let the haute (sic) world take careful nota bene" is an obstacle to further perusal.*]

ROGERS, A.—Lakhmi. The Rajput's Bride, 3/6 .....Burleigh

[*A sensational story of Gujarat related in a cheerful, tripping tetrameter which occasionally verges on doggerel. It is readable, however.*]

WALKER, W. A.—A Sheaf of Verse .....Westcott

[*A very thin little booklet but worth noting. These verses are distinctly above the average. The writer has an undoubted poetic gift.*]

NEW EDITION.

SHAKESPEARE, W.—Works, Vol. VII. (Eversley Series), 5/- Macmillan

[*Continues this admirable edition. The plays included in this volume are Henry V., Henry VIII., Titus Andronicus, and Romeo and Juliet.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

American Historical Review, Vol. IV., No. 4, July, 1889, 1 dol. Macmillan

[*Contains many interesting articles and reviews, including an excellent paper on the County of Illinois by Mr. Carl E. Boyd.*]

CAMM, D. B.—In the Brave Days of Old .....Art and Book Co.

[*A series of historical sketches of the Elizabethan persecution, specially written in the interests of Roman Catholicism.*]

FLETCHER, J. S.—A Picturesque History of Yorkshire, Part V., 1/- Dent

FOA, E.—After Big Game in Central Africa, trans. by F. Lees, 21/- A. & C. Black

[*See p.* 174.]

FRANCKEN, W.—Scheveningen.....Low

[*A well illustrated description of Scheveningen, its climate and its mineral baths.*]

GRACE, W. G.—"W. G." Cricketing Reminiscences, 6/-.... Bowden

[*See p.* 172.]

JESSETT, M. G.—The Key to South Africa; Delagoa Bay, 6/- Unwin

MURISON, Prof. A. F.—King Robert the Bruce (Famous Scots), 1/6 Oliphant

SEPET, M.—Saint Louis (The Saints Series), 3/-.....Duckworth

NEW EDITIONS.

CAVENDISH, G.—The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey (Temple Classics), 1/6 .....Dent

Guide Books: Dublin; Killarney. 1/- each.....A. & C. Black

HARRISON, F.—Annals of an Old Manor House, 3/6 .....Macmillan

[*An abridged edition of these interesting and beautifully written annals.*]

NORTH, Sir T.—Plutarch's Lives, vols. 7 and 8 (Temple Classics), 1/6 each.....Dent

PARKMAN, F.—The Oregon Trail, 8/6.....Macmillan

[*Completes this beautiful twelve volume edition of Parkman's works. The set will make a handsome and valuable addition to any library.*]

TREVELYAN, Sir G. O.—The Early History of Charles James Fox (Silver Library), 3/6 .....Longmans

WHYMPER, E.—Guides to Chamonix and Mont Blanc, and to Zermatt and the Matterhorn, 3/- each ..... Murray

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ATKINSON, H. W.—The Foreign Empire, 200 to 60 B.C. (Historical Latin Readers), 2/- .....A. & C. Black

[*An excellent system. The Latin texts provide a continuous history of Rome, and are themselves of graduated difficulty. The series should be both useful and interesting.*]

CHAMBERS, G. F.—The Story of Eclipses (Library of Useful Stories), 1/- .....Newnes

[*This is a sequel to the Stories of the Solar System and the Stars already contributed to this series by the same writer. A good deal of attention is devoted to the total eclipse of the sun which is to take place on May 28, 1900. Directions as to routes, hotels, etc., are appended for the benefit of those scientists who will travel to Spain or Portugal in order to see the eclipse in totality.*

FOWLER, J. H.—A Manual of Essay-Writing, 2/6....A. & C. Black

[*A useful book for the student of composition.*]

HERBERTSON, A. J. and F. D.—Man and His Work, an Introduction to Human Geography, 1/- .....A. & C. Black

[*An account of habits of life in various climates and under various conditions. The book contains much interesting information.*]

LYDE, L. W.—The Age of Blake ("Sea-Dog" Readers). 1/- A. & C. Black

[*An interesting account, adapted by the editor from the Calendar of State Papers and Thurloe's State Papers.*]

LYDE, L. W.—The Age of Drake ("Sea-Dog" Readers), 1/- A. & C. Black

[*Another capital schoolbook. The prose is from Hakluyt, and excellent verse extracts are introduced, including Mr. Newbolt's "Drake's Drum" and Mr. Austin Dobson's "Ballad to Elizabeth."*]

STOUT, Dr. G. F.—A Manual of Psychology, Vol. II. (University Tutorial Series), 4/6.....Clive

[*The second part of this lucid text-book, dealing with Perception and the Ideational and Conceptional Process.*]

The Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation, New Series; No. II., July, 1899 .....Murray

[*Contains an admirable portrait of the late Lord Herschell, and an "In Memoriam" article by the Right Hon. Lord James of Hereford.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARNOLD, Sir E.—The Gulistan, 3/6.....Burleigh

ELLIS, W. A.—Richard Wagner's Letters to Emil Heckel; and Letters to Wesendonck (with the History of the Bayreuth Festival), 5/- each.....Richards

FITZGERALD, P.—Pickwickian Studies, 5/-.....New Century Press

[*A volume of interesting papers on various places specially connected with the memory of Mr. Pickwick.*]

GLYNNE, W.—Cur Deus Homo (Anselm), Translated into Welsh, 1/6.....The Author

Guide Books: Switzerland; Eastbourne; Liverpool; Whitby; Llandrindod Wells; London. 1/- each....Ward, Lock

LAW, J.—Imperial Credit.....Burleigh

[*A strongly expressed pamphlet in favour of the nationalisation of capital.*]

LITTLE, M.—Essays on Robert Browning, 3/6.....Sonnenschein

[*Miss Little writes neither very wisely nor very well. Her ideas are ordinary, her English bald, and she repeats herself to weariness. Her merit is that she loves Browning. It is evident she can read him appreciatively, not so evident that she can write about him worthily.*]

PIKE, R.—Life's Borderland and Beyond. 3/6.....Simpkin

[*A collection of instances of visions of the dying and appearances of the departed to the living.*]

PILLING, W.—Affinity, 2/6..... Bowden

STEP, E.—The Romance of Wild Flowers (Library of Natural History Romance). 6s.....Warne

[*A delightful book for the unscientific flower lover. It is full of curious and interesting information regarding the wayside flowers which we pick up in our walks. It should not be forgotten when holiday parcels are being made up.*]

The Romance of the Lifeboat ("Tit-Bits" Citizen's Library). 1d.....Newnes
[*An interesting and complete account of the invention, development, and use of the lifeboat, with many tales of thrilling rescue experiences.*]
The Windmill, Vol. I., No. 4, 1/-.....Simpkin
THOMPSON, Sir H. Meysey.—The Transvaal Crisis, 6d.....Low
[*This article on "The Real Grievances of the Uitlanders" appeared eighteen months ago, and is reprinted as being now even of greater interest. In a short introduction the present state of affairs is very lucidly set forth.*]
Transactions of the Japan Society, Vol. IV., 4/-.....Kegan Paul
[*Contains several interesting articles, notably one by S. Bing, on the "Thirty-six Views of the Fuji-Yama," illustrated by Japanese drawings.*]
VIZETELLY, E. A.—With Zola in England, 3/6.....Chatto
[*A reprint in volume form of the "Evening News" articles, which many will remember. A good portrait of M. Zola in his English garden is given, and the book is well printed and pleasant to read.*]
WILKINSON, S.—British Policy in South Africa, 1/-.....Low
[*A reprint of the "Morning Post" articles which appeared between July 12th and July 19th.*]
WILLIAMS, L. B.—Croquet (Isthmian Library, No. 12), 5/- ....Innes
WILSON, W. L.—England and the Transvaal, 6d.....Grosvenor Press
[*A pamphlet on the state of affairs in South Africa, in which serious charges are made against the "ruinous and ruined leader of a vainglorious and oppressive people," President Kruger. The writer evidently feels strongly, and he presents his side of the question with force and vigour.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

CANA, F. R.—Boers and British, Facts from the Transvaal, 2d. *St. James's Gazette*
[*Mr. Cana's historical summary is clear and concise. The pamphlet is now in its fourth edition.*]
CRAIK, Mrs.—John Halifax, Gentleman, 1/- .....Ward, Lock
[*A very neat edition. If there is anybody left who has not read Mrs. Craik's masterpiece. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have left him without excuse. The edition is in firm covers, and is just the thing for a modest bookshelf where cost has to be a consideration.*]
HUNT, L.—The World of Books (Bibelot's), 2/6.....Gay and Bird
MONTAGU, B.—Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers (Temple Classics), 1/6.....Dent
SYMONDS, J. A.—An Introduction to the Study of Dante, 7/6 A. and C. Black
[*A fourth edition of this admirable book.*]

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON AND SONS, DUMFRIES.

Earle's Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.
Huxley's Ants, Wasps, Bees, etc.
Mazzini's Autobiography, etc.
Richardson's Clarissa, C. E.
Whistle Binkie, 2 vols., large paper ed.
Barrie's Window in Thrums, 4to ed., with Hole's illustrations.

HENRY BOND, LINCOLN.

Papworth's British Armorials, last edition.
Farren's Cathedral Cities.
Shakespeare Society Publications, Nos. 37 and 48.

HENRY DRYERRE, BLAIRGOWRIE.

Reduced Facsimile of First Folio Shakespeare, 1623.
Any works dealing with Shakespeareana; Bacon question, etc.
Bacon's Works and Life (Spedding's, Ellis', etc.), separate or together, 7 or 14 vols.

F. L. MAWDESLEY, DELWOOD CROFT, YORK.

Idler Magazine, June, 1893.

MRS. ELMA STUART, ESQUIMALT, B.C.

Sophie Arnould, Actress, Wit, etc., by R. Douglas, engravings, 16s. new.
Charles Nodier's Souvenirs de la Revolution, and, by same author, Dernier Banquet des Girondins.
(All second-hand and reasonable in price.)

OCTAVUS TOMSON, CAMBRIDGE.

Cartoon from *Vanity Fair*, "Worthington Hibbert," vol. 9, 1872.
Granite Dust, by R. C. Macfie, 12mo, Kegan Paul and Co.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE STREET, YORK.

Simon, Mexican Antiquities, and Ten Tribes of Israel, etc., 1836, 2s.
Conway: Forays Among Salmon and Deer, 1861, 3s.
Montaigne's Essays, translated by C. Cotton, 1s. 9d.
Doctor Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque, illustrated by Crowquill, 1s. 9d.
Bibliæ Ecclesiæ Polyglotta, edited by Frederick Koff, D.D., 1843, 5s.
Minutes of the Methodist Conference from the first in London, 1744, to 1813, 3 vols., octavo edition (scarce), 17s. 6d.
Ditto, 1828, etc., 24 vols., 4s. 6d.
The Works of Sir James Steuart of Coltness, Bart., 4 vols., calf, 2s. 6d.
Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, by R. R. Madden, Esq., 2 vols, half calf, 2s. 6d.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Story of Africa. By Dr. Brown. 3 vols., cloth gilt, 600 illustrations, Cassell's edition, 22s. 6d., for 10s. 6d.
Hafed, Prince of Persia, his Experiences in Earth Life and Spirit Life. Being Spirit communications received through Mr. David Duguid, the Glasgow Trance-painting Medium, illus., orig. cloth, 1876, 10s. 6d.
Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper, by William Hayley, 4 vols., calf, with portrait, Chichester, 1806, 7s. 6d.
Chums, vol. 1, orig. cloth, new, 8s. 6d.
Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait, by Captain Beechey, R.N., plates, maps, etc., 1831, calf gilt, neat, 10s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between July 15th and August 15th, 1899:—

LONDON, E.C.

Guide Books. 1s. (Ward, Lock.)
Forest Lovers, 6d., and all the sixpenny novels.
Vizetelly: With Zola in England. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
"W. G." Cricket Reminiscences. 6s. (Bowden)
Archbishops' Decision. 1s. net. (Macmillan.)
Lucas: Open Road. 5s. (Grant Richards.)

LONDON, W.C.

State Trials, edited by T. H. L. Stephens. 2 vols. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)
Frederic: The Market Place. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Lucas: The Open Road. 5s. (Grant Richards.)
Rook: Hooligan Nights. 6s. (Grant Richards.)
Westcott: David Harum. 6s. (Pearson.)
The Bibelots. Each 2s. 6d. net. (Gay & Bird.)
And Sixpenny editions.

BIRMINGHAM.

Dr. Windle's Shakespeare Country. 3s. (Methuen.)
The Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Political Struwwelpeter. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Galton: Message and Position of the Church of England. 3s. 6d. (Stock.)
Saintsbury: Matthew Arnold. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

MANCHESTER.

Alfred the Great. Edited by A. Bowker. 5s. (Black.)
Rowntree: The Temperance Problem and Social Reform. 6s. (Hodder.)
Caskoden: When Knighthood was in Flower. 6s. (Sands)
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O. Schreiner: An English South African's View of the Situation. 1s. (Hodder.)
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Whiteing: No. 5 John Street. 6s. (Richards.)
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Grace: Cricketing Reminiscences. 6s. (Bowden.)
Boothby: Love Made Manifest. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

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E. T. Fowler: A Double Thread. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
B. Harraden: The Fowler. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Haggard: Swallow. 6s. (Longmans.)
Boothby: Dr. Nikola's Experiment. 5s. (Hodder.)
Crockett: Ione March. 6s. (Hodder.)
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BURNLEY.

Southey: Life of Nelson. 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)
Lord Rosebery: Appreciations and Addresses. 5s. net. (John Lane.)
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Holman's English National Education. 2s 6d. (Blackie.)
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Grace: Cricketing Reminiscences. 6s. (Bowden.)
Frederic: The Market Place. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Jepson: On the Edge of the Empire. 6s. (Heinemann.)
E. T. Fowler: Concerning Isabel Carnaby. 6s. (Hodder.)

SUNDERLAND.

Caws: Unrecognised Stranger. 3s. 6d. net. (Allenson.)
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Boothby: Dr. Nikola's Experiment. 5s. (Hodder.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
E. T. Fowler: A Double Thread 6s. (Hutchinson.)

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Landor: In the Forbidden Land. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Aitken: The Window of the Soul. 6s. (Murray.)
Crockett: Ione March. 6s (Hodder.)
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Enquire Within. New edition. 2s. 6d. (Houlston.)
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Stone: Holy Baptism. 5s. (Longmans.)
Boston: Art of Man-Fishing. 1s. 6d. net. (Alex. Gardner.)
Temple Classics. Various vols. 1s. 6d. and 2s. (Dent.)
Tourist Maps and Guide Books, various.

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Moore's Melodies, with Dr. Mac Hall's Irish Translation. 1s. net. (Gill.)
Tyrrell: External Religion. 3s. 6d. (Sands.)
Sheehan: Triumph of Failure. 6s. (Burns & Oates.)
Gaynor: The New Materialism. 1s. 6d. (Browne & Nolan.)
Lucas: Savonarola. 7s. 6d. (Sands.)
Sepet: St. Louis. "The Saints" Series. 3s. (Duckworth.)
And new editions Sixpenny novels.

DUBLIN (2).

Grace: Cricketing Reminiscences 6s. (Bowden.)
Whiteing: No. 5, John Street. 6s. (Richards.)
State Trials. 2 vols. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)
Kipling: New 6s. editions. (Macmillan.)
Macdonagh: Irish Life and Character. 6s. (Hodder.)
Crockett: Ione March, 6s. (Hodder.)

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